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The Week

IN European affairs the four outstanding developments of the past week are the selection of Baldwin as Prime Minister, the momentarily brighter outlook at Lausanne because of the Greco-Turkish agreement on reparations, the riots in the Ruhr, and Poincaré's delightful gesture in resigning when the French Senate refused to give him his way in regard to the trial of Cachin, the Communist Deputy. It is clear that a new reparations offer may be expected from Berlin in the near future, probably in the form of a guarantee to make annual payments for which part ownership of Germany's industrial resources will be pledged. In the meantime numerous hints are given that the Franco-Belgian accord over the Ruhr is not all that it might be. Poland, the land of intermittent governments, has just witnessed the resignation of Premier Sikorski, ostensibly because of the large item for secret service in the national budget, but really it is said because of the expulsion of homeless Ukrainian refugees. The agreement between Greece and Turkey, by which Greece acknowledges responsibility for damage in the late war and Turkey sensibly waives payment of reparations in view of Greek bankruptcy, is bitterly resented by Bulgaria because of the ceding of Karaghatch to Turkey, this territory having been taken from Bulgaria during the war. As an obligato to every other European happening comes the steady sinking of the German mark, and all hope of stabilization under present conditions has now been abandoned. Berlin is talking of a loan "in rye," to be repaid eventually in the same commodity.

IN the United States the outstanding political event was the challenge to Mr. Harding by President Lowell of Harvard, speaking as one of the famous thirty-one Republicans who urged a victory for their party in 1920 as the surest way of bringing America into the League. President Harding's reply that he cannot be expected to live up to all the promises made on his behalf seems rather inadequate especially in view of Will Hays's testimony that he had an opportunity to prevent the issue of the manifesto and failed to do so. On the heels of a poll by Colliers' Weekly which shows Henry Ford to be the favorite candidate of readers of that periodical comes a half-hearted endorsement of Detroit's favorite son on a third party ticket by William Randolph Hearst. On the right side of the ledger must be placed two developments in New York State: the repeal of the absurd and tyrannical Lusk anti-sedition laws, and the passage of the measure stripping the mask of secrecy from members of the Ku Klux Klan—the latter action being followed promptly by a declaration from the Klan that the law would not be obeyed. The continuance of the twelve hour day in the steel industry was announced in a speech by Judge Gary declaring that the institution is not injurious physically, mentally or morally and that hours could not be decreased without curtailing production. In the economic panorama of the week outstanding events were the conference of progressives in Chicago to consider valuations of railroads and other public utilities, and the determined effort by leading bankers to halt the building industry by limiting loans for construction purposes until

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wages and material costs have been reduced to what the bankers consider a proper level. The high spot of the week, next to President Butler's speeches in London, is undoubtedly the declaration by forty distinguished Americans that there is no conflict between science and religion.

PREMIER BALDWIN is a business man with no nonsense about him, who understands perfectly the practical interests of the British nation. He has no extreme devotion to liberal principles, but neither has he an addiction to far flung dreams of adventure. England is in a situation she must somehow muddle through, and she is more likely to do it successfully under Premier Baldwin than under some other more brilliant man. It is admitted that the chances of war on Russia have been materially reduced by the selection of Mr. Baldwin. We infer from the fulsome praise of the French press that they are rather afraid British policy will play a more active part in the Ruhr affair than under Bonar Law. The Germans have little hope for a definite amelioration in their condition from the intervention of the new Premier. He is as bent as any one on making them pay what they can. But he is too level headed to wish to keep Europe in a ferment while trying to make the Germans pay what they can't.

OF the new appointments to the cabinet the one that will interest Americans most is that of Lord Robert Cecil to be Lord Privy Seal. Americans know Lord Robert Cecil and trust him. They are confident that he will make his voice heard in the Cabinet Councils, and that it will count heavily for peace and international understanding. It is a matter of great regret that he does not replace Lord Curzon in the Foreign Office. But that may come later.

THE Ruhr disorders remind a world that takes too much for granted that living peoples cannot be treated like pawns in a game of diplomacy. The quarrel is between Paris and Berlin. The object of French policy is to wear down the resistance of Berlin; the object of German policy is to render French aggression futile through indefinitely continued passive resistance. The French would have preferred active, official resistance which might have justified a declaration of war. But neither the French government nor the German can desire to see all Germany aflame with revolution. And yet that is something that may happen, any day. The present riots are limited in extent, but they are symptomatic of the strain under which the population lives. Under such a strain nothing is likely to spread spontaneously. And there are plenty of monarchists and communists present to help it spread.

POINCARÉ'S "impulsive" action in resigning because the Senate refused to try Cachin, and his withdrawal of the resignation at the request of the "cooler headed" Millerand is a comedy taken seriously by a remarkably large section of the American press. Poincaré is by no means so impulsive as Secretary Hughes. The chances are that the Senate was carrying out Poincaré's orders in refusing to try Cachin. The result of his official pique is to place him in the light of a man of principle and a staunch enemy of the radicals. It also announces to the new British administration that the President of the Republic and the great majority in the Chambers are solidly behind him still, in spite of the Ruhr failure. Perhaps he did not foresee these results. But he is a man of perspicacity.

ECHOES of the Whiskey Rebellion seem to sound faintly through the clarion tones of the Ku Klux Klan leaders in New York State, who have announced their intention of defying the law just signed by Governor Smith requiring them to make public the names of their members, texts of their constitution and enrollment oaths, and other secret information. The Ku Klux initiation as recently administered in New York requires the candidate to answer the question: "Do you believe in the enforcement of law and order by proper and justifiable means and authority?" Evidently the applicant must answer "No" in order to secure admission, for no defiance of law and order could be more downright than the announced intention to defy the new law. Obviously it makes some little difference whose ox is gored. We shall now have an interesting chance to see whether the real power of government in New York inheres in the duly-elected officials or in the members of a nightgown and pillowslip brigade who dare not acknowledge publicly and man by man the deeds they are willing to do anonymously and at night —provided always, of course, that they outnumber their victims by a safe majority of ten or twenty to one.

LAST week's issue of the New Republic contained an article on the perils and problems of modern journalism. There is a touch of irony in the fact that on the day the issue appeared, these perils were dramatically underscored by the announced sale of the New York Globe to Frank A. Munsey, publisher of the New York Herald, Sun and Evening Telegram. Mr. Munsey's plans for the paper are not known at this writing; but even if he should continue to publish the Globe as a separate newspaper, its character is certain to be so radically altered as to justify the statement that the newspaper which its readers have known and respected is dead. Its passing is a heavy loss to the thinning ranks of liberal journalism in the Unted States. The accident of absentee ownership had given its brilliant and courageous editor, Mr. H. J. Wright, and his associates, a unique

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opportunity for complete liberty of action; and they had taken advantage of it to the fullest extent.

THE result was a large and growing group of readers who felt themselves bound to the Globe by unusual ties, and gave it their confidence to a degree which is almost unheard-of in these days, and is not likely soon to be duplicated in New York—certainly not in any paper owned by Mr. Munsey, whose insistence that his newspapers shall reflect his views and his only, is well known. When a rich man, either from an idle whim or as a piece of business enterprise, is able to put an end to such an institution as the Globe and to cast adrift those who have devoted the best years of their lives to it—for it seems incredible that the men who have made the Globe should reconcile themselves to becoming Mr. Munsey's camp-followers—it is clear that public interest and private power are in head-on collision, and that the latter's victory is complete.

ARE the states free to retire from the field of prohibition enforcement or are they not? That is the real issue raised by the hesitation of Governor Smith to sign the Mullan-Gage repealer act. The Eighteenth Amendment declares that the manufacture, sale, transportation, export or import of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes is prohibited. What does it say about enforcement? "The Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation." There is not a word to the effect that the obligation of enforcement rests primarily on Congress. By the established rule, if a conflict arose between federal and state laws on the subject, the federal law would prevail. But this has nothing to do with the duties of state and federal governments to enforce the law. The one has as good a right to wash its hands of the matter as the other. Both might do it, leaving the constitutional command hanging in the air. The President and Congress are under oath to support the Constitution, but so are the governors and legislators of every state. That oath does not explicitly say, "by appropriate legislation." We do not believe that such a meaning can be pressed into it, or that any legal force can be applied to compel either federal government or states to enact any enforcement legislation whatsoever.

WHATEVER one thinks of prohibition, as a good citizen he can have only one attitude toward the Constitution. It ought to be enforced. If there is any part of it one does not like, he is free to work for its amendment. But nullification—no. And the failure to maintain enforcing legislation by either state or federal government is nullification. The situation presents, however, a needed lesson in Constitution making. Those parts of the Constitution that grant or withhold powers of legislation raise no difficult problems of enforcement. If a state law or a federal law goes beyond the limits of the Constitution, it is brought up before the Supreme Court, declared invalid, and there the matter rests. The Eighteenth Amendment does not merely grant the power of Congress and the states to extirpate the business in alcoholic beverages. It takes to itself the function of extirpation, without other powers of enforcement than it can borrow from Congress and the states, if they are minded to lend. Obviously the Constitution cannot be padded with many such amendments without falling into decay.

DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER complains, in a speech delivered in England, that the United States is ruled by talkers, not doers. There's ingratitude for you.

THE steel industry has no intention of reforming itself. With many sickening professions of concern for the best interests of the workers and the public, the leaders of the industry have refused to abolish the twelve hour day. All the ancient arguments for it have been again brought out of the mouldy closet. To go over to the eight hour day would add fifteen percent to cost —and to price. The men would earn less—a non-sequitur, if the cost is to be passed on to the public. Production would be diminished, because with immigration cut off the additional laborers needed are not to be had. That is also a non-sequitur. We are short of men who wish to be held to the slavery of a twelve hour day. The steel industry might try the effect of recruiting labor on a human scheme of hours. To gild over the cynical disregard of human rights involved in retaining the twelve hour day, Judge Gary plunged into an eloquent panegyric on the perfections of the Bible, "that most interesting and fascinating of books." True, "there are contained many things which, taken literally, we cannot understand. Our minds are too small, our understanding too limited." Just so.

THE Lusk laws are gone. In so far the people of New York have returned to the healthy American traditions of free opinion, free speech, free men. The chief credit for this restoration of American principles belongs to Governor Smith. He vetoed the bills when they came before him in his former term; he assailed them when they were before the legislature in Governor Miller's incumbency; he made a campaign issue of them and finally exerted his influence on the legislature to secure their repeal. The repeal is popular now and will strengthen Governor Smith's political position. But he has not been actuated by considerations of political expediency, but by an

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honest, sane Americanism. And in the course of his fight against the Lusk measures he has set forth more clearly, more impressively the principles on which our democracy rests than any other political leader of the day.

THE God of Vengeance is an obscene play, according to the verdict of the jury, and the producer and actors are guilty of an offence against the laws. This gives us an indication where the law stands. But the question remains whether the law, and the public opinion behind it, rest upon moral principles or merely upon inherited taboos. Those who defended The God of Vengeance assumed that the real question was one of morality. Did the play present a lascivious appeal to the spectator? Was there anything in it to make vice seductive, or even to condone it? No, quite the contrary. It made vice tragic, and repulsive. But that very repulsiveness was what offended against the ancient taboos. The time may come when intelligent people will realize that the taboo is no safer guide in morals than it has proved to be in medicine and dietetics. But that time is apparently remote.

AT last our Rhine occupation claims have been settled, and on the whole, in a manner that ought to be satisfactory to us. We are to be paid out of the receipts collected from Germany by the Reparations Commission, in twelve annual instalments, without interest. For four years we shall receive a quarter of the cash paid over to the Allies, after the costs of the Allied armies of occupation have been met. After four years, our claims will represent a first charge on cash receipts. Deficits in payment in the last eight years are to bear interest. It is obvious that in a strict financial sense the agreement scales our claims considerably. $250,000,000 in twelve annual instalments is less than $200,000,000 in hand. But in all these international financial transactions we are learning to regard the interest item as something of secondary importance.

AMERICAN cotton has been dominant in the world market for so long a time that most of us have come to assume that there is something in the climate and soil of our Southern states that assures us a natural monopoly. This, however, is not the case. There are vast areas in Russia and Rumania, on the central African plateau, in Argentina and Brazil that are well adapted for cotton culture. Those regions have cheaper labor than we have. All that holds them back is lack of familiarity with this branch of agriculture. Recently it has been proved that cotton can be grown profitably on the irrigated lands of Australia. Seven thousand acres in Queensland yielded so well last year that seventy thousand acres have been put to cotton this year. The British cotton manufacturers have been trying for decades to free themselves from their extreme dependence on American supplies. Sooner or later they will succeed, and our cotton producers will have to rely chiefly on the home market.

Facing the League Issue

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS remains, despite all efforts to declare it dead and exorcise its ghost, the despair of the politicians in both the Republican and Democratic parties. Within the week President Lowell of Harvard has performed a long-overdue service by reminding Mr. Harding that thirty-one Republican members of an immortal battalion of innocent idealists urged his election on the ground that it was the surest way into the League. Mr. Hays now seems to remember that the President had advance information that the protocol of the thirty-one was to be issued, and lifted no finger to prevent it. Mr. Harding's lame reply that he cannot be expected to live up to all the promises made on his behalf may give him a technical loophole of escape, though two important members of his present cabinet were among the trusting pro-Leaguers; but he has no such excuse in regard to the substitute "Association of Nations" which he was to bring about. Only three administration enterprises point even remotely in this direction: the Washington Conference, whose treaties are still unratified; the Hughes hint at New Haven that a general European economic conference would be useful—a hint never followed up; and the proposal for American adherence to the International Court of Justice, which has already split the party wide open.

While the League issue is making the Republicans violently unhappy, it is producing an equal melancholy in the Democratic breast. The leaders of that party are convinced that if they must go before the country in 1924 on an unequivocal pro-League platform, they are doomed to sure defeat. Their analysis is that the country was not anti-League in 1920, the 7,000,000 Republican majority being the result of a score of other factors most of which grew out of the war and Mr. Wilson's personal characteristics. In the past three years, however, they say that the nation has really turned against the League; partly because the Republican propaganda has had time to sink in, partly because we have had a better chance to observe the continuing hatreds which dominate Europe and have noted the obvious failure of France in particular to rely to the least extent upon the forces of international good will or indeed on anything else than her own military might. The Democratic leaders were pro-League in 1920 because they had to be; and some of the outstanding men in the party, such as McAdoo and Cox, are still faithful adherents; but the practical organization leaders do it mere lip-service in public and privately display no inter-

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est either in Mr. Wilson's idealistic internationalism or in the liberalism in domestic affairs which he forced upon them.

In these circumstances it is natural that both parties should search for some way of evading the League issue in 1924. Absurd as it may seem to the non-political layman, Mr. Harding will undoubtedly seek to offer the World Court as fulfillment of all his 1920 pledges, and as a sufficient international program for the United States until 1928. The irreconcilable Republicans will continue to demand absolute isolation. What can the Democrats do?

It is not unlikely that the party leaders, since they dare not endorse and cannot repudiate, will seek to postpone. The League, they will tell the country, should never have been made a party matter. It has nothing to do with domestic politics, it only serves to obscure the real issues in a national election, and above all, it deserves to be considered alone at a time when the heat of partisanship has subsided. Why not, then, wait until after the election is over, and hold a national referendum on the question, a referendum which would not be obligatory but advisory in character?

As Mr. Alfred Lucking has pointed out, Congress may, under the Constitution, secure advice for itself from any source it pleases. An inquiry into the state of the country's opinion, which would not be binding in its results, would not require a constitutional amendment; Congress could probably pass a law authorizing it and voting the funds for the operation. This need not be expensive, especially if the voting were done by mail.

While the proposal that Congress should be guided by the results of a referendum is an application of the democratic principles which in general merits approval, the New Republic believes that in this case the suggestion has grave faults. If the action were postponed until after the election, it would also need to wait upon the inauguration and would probably not take place until the autumn of 1925 or, more likely, the spring of 1926. To suppose that the status quo will be maintained in Europe until that time seems to us utterly fantastic. If the League is to prove itself a genuinely useful force in international questions of major importance—such as the relation between France and Germany, for instance—it must have done so long before 1926; and if by that time it has not done so, if it continues to stand helplessly by and see the major powers fulfill their ambitions regardless of everything save their own national desires, then by 1926 the League will indeed be dead and it might just as well be buried.

We believe there is far more hope in a policy by both political parties which frankly faces the facts about the League and the state of the world today. After all, the idea of an association of nations to prevent war and foster international justice and amity still remains untried. The League has never for one moment been a reality except for the minor states and even then only as regards such matters as do not affect the interest of any major power.

It is probably true that it can never be a reality, under the peculiar economic and social conditions prevailing in the world today, without the support of the United States. But it is not enough that before we tender such support we should make reservations protecting our own sovereignty and independence of action. We should also make such reservations as insure the League's becoming what it was expected to become. It were better that the United States should withhold its support from a sham which must remain a sham, than that it should aid an enterprise destined to a failure which would end all hope of international effort for at least another generation.

What changes in the League are necessary before it can become a reality of a sort warranting the adherence of the United States? The New Republic has already indicated two which are essential. The nations of Europe must exchange mutual treaties of guarantee against military aggression, making an attack upon one an attack upon all. This would be tantamount to the outlawry of war, though not a substitute for a specific declaration to the same effect. It would at one stroke remove the greatest American objection to the League, which centres about the fear that our young men might again be sent to die on European soil in settling quarrels like the last one, with which an increasing proportion of our people are becoming convinced we had no real concern. Such guarantees, if respected, would prevent further action like the French occupation of the Ruhr; and would lessen the likelihood of bloodshed in such cases as the Polish-Lithuanian, Russo-Polish and Polish-German affairs, each of which has seriously menaced the prestige, if not the very existence, of the League.

The other requirement is that all the nations be admitted to the League immediately, and upon equal terms. Its Council must not be subject to the suspicion that it is merely an alter ego for the Supreme Council of the Allies. As long as Russia and Germany remain outside, not even the presence of the United States can give the League the reality it lacks.

If the invitation to America to join the League is to be renewed in any serious way, it is not unfair that we should ask European states to demonstrate their faith in the organization in the ways we have specified. A League so altered would make a far stronger appeal to public opinion in America than the present one with no matter what reservations and changes in the covenant to pro-

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tect our sovereignty. With such a proposal the Democrats would not need to wait until 1926 before putting the question to the test of a popular verdict; and would indeed have every inducement to act soon. It would be better not only for their moral credit but for their political fortunes, to play physician than coroner.

Certainty and Confusion in Public Utility Rates

BY a decision handed down May 21st, the Supreme Court defined once more the capital basis on which a public utility company is entitled to earn fair rates. The case involved the valuation, for rate making purposes, of the property of the Bell Telephone Company in Missouri. The Public Service Commission of Missouri had valued this property primarily on the basis of book value, representing actual cost to the company, less the value of unproductive property and the reserves carried against depreciation. The company claimed the right to earn a return on the present value of the property, arrived at through a calculation of the cost of reproduction. This claim was denied by the Supreme Court of Missouri, but the decision of that court has now been reversed by the federal Supreme Court. Cost of reproduction stands as the factor of chief importance in determining the valuation on which rates must be based.

In this decision the majority opinion merely reaffirms the principle laid down in Smyth vs. Ames, Wilcox vs. Consolidated Gas Co. and the Minnesota Rate Cases. The same principle lies at the basis of our huge enterprise in finding the physical value of the railways. It lay at the basis of the compensation fixed by the government when it took over the railways in war time and it is embodied in the Edge law. This principle is directly challenged by Mr. Justice Brandeis in a dissenting opinion in which Mr. Justice Holmes concurs. Judge Brandeis shows conclusively, we think, that the whole concept of physical valuation, as a basis for rates, while explainable by the history of regulation, is obsolete, confusing and injurious to the companies and the public alike. Instead of the fluctuating estimates of present physical valuation, Judge Brandeis would substitute actual prudent investment, an item readily ascertainable in the great majority of cases from the books of the companies, and instead of a hypothetical fair return on property, he would substitute actual capital charges, also ascertainable, for the most part, from the books.

The layman may make the issue clearer to himself by a hypothetical example. A street railway company opens business with a capital of ten million dollars, invested in tracks, buildings and rolling stock. It has raised its capital by the issue of three million in first mortgage bonds at four percent, four million in second mortgage bonds at five percent and three million in stock, with earnings uncertain. Judge Brandeis would hold the capital figure to ten million dollars, whatever the cost of reproduction of the track, buildings and rolling stock. Increased or diminished costs of labor and materials would appear in the calculation of rates only in so far as they affected replacements. As to the income to be earned on this capital, the figure of four percent on the first mortgage bonds and five percent on the second mortgage would stand, whatever the fluctuations in money rates. Those fluctuations would need to be taken into account only with respect to the dividends to be paid on the stock. Here a fair basis, we think, would be whatever rate would hold the stock around par.

The adoption of the principles defined by Judge Brandeis would obviously simplify immensely the tasks of the rate regulating bodies. They would be in a position to base their decisions on facts, instead of on hypotheses and guesses. It is too much to assume that even such a simplification would take the public service companies completely out of politics. But it would undoubtedly make politics secondary to service.

The principle would further make adequate financing practicable. The investor would be offered the current price of capital, with the assurance that his claim would not be revised downward when physical values fell. Speculation in public utility capital would be reduced to its lowest terms, with the result that capital seeking security rather than large gains would be attracted to this field. And this is precisely the kind of capital we ought to have in regulated enterprise.

There is only one objection that can be brought in good faith against the adoption of actual prudent investment as the basis of rates. That is the presence of items in the capital of a company, the cost of which cannot now be determined. But as Judge Brandeis points out, these items are of relatively minor importance, today. For many years the issue of securities has been closely regulated by commissions and the investment represented by them is ascertainable as a fact.

The majority opinion unfortunately stands for the present as the law. In the future, as in the past, public service commissions will have to struggle with competing technical estimates as to cost of reproduction before they can determine fair rates. They will still have to reckon as part of the cost of service an arbitrary percentage on an arbitrary physical valuation, instead of the actual capital charges embodied in the contracts on which security issues are based. But the absurdity of such a proceeding condemns it to disappearance in the end. No one who reads Judge Brandeis's opinion can doubt that it outlines the law of the future. Nor can any one doubt that in this direction, not in any other, we shall find a reconciliation of private and public interests in the field of public utilities.

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Last Known Address

A SLICE of life, a chunk carved out of our world, a "human document" as the Goncourts meant it—such indeed is one of those college class reports in which, every few years, the graduates write a few lines about themselves, so laconically, so eloquently. It is a fairly complete slice, with its share of upper crust, its filling of the mince-meat of average humanity, its bottom layer to represent the small society of the Uneatable. Here, in a few words, in mere names and places, are long half-revealed stories of success, content, mediocrity, accomplishment; of self-effacement, self-assurance, self-burial-alive. It is not unlike a cemetery for the living, with some pretentious marble, much honest slate, and the countless grass-grown mounds of the unknown: "Not heard from. Last known address, so-and-so."

Years will go by, and the graves will really be filled, and times will come whose people will misread the inscriptions that the living have so carelessly written for themselves now. The little differences that mean so much, the overtones we now can interpret, more or less, will in time become inscrutable; the brief lines behind which they hide will be the prey of a blundering and literal archaeology, and error, once again, will be industry's only child. How many human tags seem ridiculous, when out of the context of their age. The homeliness of the ghostly sentiments carved on the gravestones of 1790 makes us smile now, but the eternal truth about them lies rather in whether they were taken seriously by those who carved them. So in a century or so it may seem ridiculous that a graduate (still in his twenties) of a prominent Eastern college should write himself down, after the word "occupation" in his class report, as "Vice-president of a winter resort." We, for whom this proud boast rests in its present-day context, can manage to keep a straight face. We cannot hand down to our prying descendants that knowledge of flavors and sub-flavors which would enable them to gauge nicely the differences in fate and temperament which cause such entries as "orchardist," "cotton manufacturer," "employee of trust company," "sugar," "creditman" and "ticket clerk," nor would they understand that if the ticket clerk was a graduate, the creditman was almost certainly an "alumnus." They wouldn't understand that in the cases of the young men of twenty-seven who variously recorded their occupations as "law," "law-clerk," or "attorney-at-law," and "finance," "banker" or "bank-clerk" salary was probably not proportional to vocabulary.

It is sad to think that some day the distinction —which now seems to us almost painfully clear— between a member of the Pythians and a member of the Racquet and Tennis Club will cease to exist in the mind of man. Some day imaginary faces, wives, addresses, houses (or residences—or even "domiciles") will cease to spring to the mind's eye at mention of the words "I. O. of A. . . . Shriner . . . Tuxedo-Union . . . Yonkers' Men's Club . . . Colonial Wars . . . Société des Régates du Havre. . . ." Some day it will seem inconceivable that those who write down these names as the names of their clubs could all have played together on the freshman football team.

The young men who tell about themselves in the particular class-book we have under our eye were in college when the Great War broke out. The Great War, you remember, broke out in 1917. There was a war before that, but it wasn't quite so Great. In their war records we find almost every human note of pride, modesty, regret, self-importance, from the simple announcement that T. was a Major in such and such a regiment (most of his classmates were lieutenants), through those who were briefly "not at front," down to the individual who records in two pages of testimonial letters how he "boldly entered a wood" and was decorated by King Albert of Belgium.

The time will come when our "finance" and our "Chamber of Commerce Clubs" and particularly our "clasps on Victory Medal for mine-laying" will seem meaningless or quite foolish, and when the record of these solemn, or reserved, or boastful young men will interest only the people who go puttering about among the graves, reading the sillier inscriptions, on Decoration Day. Such collectors of the curious will have nothing to say, perhaps, only before the blank stone, before the unyielding secrets of the "Last Known Address." Yet those silent beings are still moving about among us, buying and selling; they are far from mysterious; their faces are to be found among the heroic athletic young gods of the crew photographs as they are also among the sedentary content of the photographs of the twenty-fifth reunion —those half wistful, half ridiculous assemblages, all of them easily mistaken for a convention of barbers or dentists, with their rows on rows of placidly unsuccessful faces.

And all those records are punctuated by the melancholy, the swelling cry

"Salesman . . . Salesman . . . Salesman. . . ."

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Intelligence as the Tests Test It*

IF you take one of the ready-made tests of intelligence and try it on a very large number of persons, you will find that they succeed with it in very different degrees. Repeat the test, and you will find that they cannot, with the best will in the world to do well, alter their scores very greatly. Then give the same group another intelligence test, and you will discover that the differences among individuals are approximately, although not exactly, the same. And you can go on. You will find that an adult, after continued exposure to his social and educational environment, does not greatly alter his score on a given test; that children, however, do steadily improve their performances until somewhere between ten and twenty years old; that the average age at which improvement stops is about fourteen years; but that children while improving tend to maintain the same individual differences, so that in a given group every child would keep about the same rank within the group. These are basic observational facts of the psychology of intelligence. What do they mean?

What the Tests Test

They mean in the first place that intelligence as a measurable capacity must at the start be defined as the capacity to do well in an intelligence test. Intelligence is what the tests test. This is a narrow definition, but it is the only point of departure for a rigorous discussion of the tests. It would be better if the psychologists could have used some other and more technical term, since the ordinary connotation of intelligence is much broader. The damage is done, however, and no harm need result if we but remember that measurable intelligence is simply what the tests of intelligence test, until further scientific observation allows us to extend the definition.

An observational method for extending knowledge of intelligence as the tests test it is the method of statistical correlation. The relation to intelligence of any measurable capacity at all can be determined by comparing the relative performances of a large number of persons in an intelligence test with their achievement in the measure of capacity in question. If the correlation is considerable, yet not perfect, say 60 percent, we say that the particular capacity is partly dependent upon intelligence and partly independent of it. We shall not be far wrong if we think of such a capacity as complex, involving 60 percent of intelligence and 40 percent of some special ability that is not intelligence.

The method of correlation gives us at once some insight into the nature of intelligence as the tests test it. No satisfactory intelligence test exists at present which employs a single type of mental operation. Most tests for intelligence, like the army tests, consist of batteries of single tests, every one of which appears, on inspection, to test some special ability, like arithmetical ability, or an appreciation of verbal relations or of logical relations. When one obtains the correlations among the different tests that make up the battery called an intelligence test, one finds that the separate tests do not correlate with one another so very highly—not so highly as a rule as does one combined intelligence test with another. These results are explained by saying that the separate tests are really tests of separate abilities, and that each of these abilities involves, in part, intelligence, which is a factor common to all the tests, and in part a special ability, which is not intelligence and which therefore explains the failure of the tests to correlate very highly. When the separate tests are combined in a total score, the special abilities, being unrelated, are supposed to cancel out, leaving the score to represent the "common factor," intelligence.

Thus we see that there is no such thing as a test for pure intelligence. Intelligence is not demonstrable except in connection with some special ability. It would never have been thought of as a separate entity had it not seemed that very different mental abilities had something in common, a "common factor."

A Confusion of Meanings

One of the most frequent reasons for the misunderstanding of the tests is the fact that the existence and importance of these special abilities are usually lost sight of. The psychologists themselves are very apt to forget them and it is no wonder that their lay audiences are scarcely aware of them. Yet it is not even possible to understand the nature of tested intelligence without considering them. They are forgotten in part because the "common factor" has seemed especially important and the interest of the testers in the last decade has centred in it. Words, however, have also helped to obscure their existence. The tested intelligence of an individual is often called his "mental age"; the increase of intelligence in childhood is generally called "mental growth." In this way psychologists have inadvertently equated the "intelligent" to the "mental," overlooking in their terminology the vast number of special abilities that help to make up the "mind." It is high time for a change of words here. The present usage requires us to say that the average adult has a "mental age" of

[AUTHOR'S NOTE:—This article is not a reply to Mr. Lippmann's latest series, having been written before it appeared.]

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about fourteen and that "mental growth" on the average stops at fourteen. Nothing could be more untrue. The statement can be true only of intelligence as the tests test it. The special abilities, which make up skill and knowledge, continue to cumulate presumably throughout all adult life.

A very useful conception of intelligence, and one that is approximately correct in the light of our present knowledge, is that intelligence is like "power" as the physicist uses the word: the amount of work that can be done in a given time. All intelligence tests involve the maintenance of time-limits to some extent, and most tests are "speed" tests where all the work is performed against time. We may think, then, of intelligence as power and of a special ability as a machine that utilizes the power for a particular purpose. No machine can operate without power, and power is actually demonstrable only when it has a machine through which to operate. It is idle to speculate as to which is the more important, the power or the adaptive device for the utilization of the power; and it is folly to bet one's fortune on the power, forgetting the machine.

Up the Hill on Low

A frequent complaint made of the tests is that they place too much emphasis upon speed. It is argued that some people, who do poorly in the intelligence tests, are persons who naturally work slowly but very accurately, and that the tests penalize them unfairly. If, however, intelligence is like power, this contention is not an argument. If these people have less power, they have to go up the hill on low gear and it takes them longer; that is all. Of course they "get there" just the same, but when they "get there" their powerful rivals are on and somewhere else. If they ride more smoothly as they go, that is an entirely different matter from the one under discussion; they have a special ability which is not intelligence as the tests test it. They probably never would have complained at all if they had not been misled into thinking that the intelligence-rating characterized their entire mental make-up. There were, for instance, competent surgeons in the army who rated low in the tests. There was no question about their value to the army; they had the requisite knowledge and skill. The conception of intelligence as power implies merely that they had gained their professional competence relatively late.

There has been much public concern since the war over the discovery of the army psychologists that the average "mental age" of Americans is about fourteen years. This concern is founded on ignorance, although it must be admitted that some psychologists have shared it. Before the war less adequate investigations had led the psychologists to suppose that the average "mental age" was about sixteen. No one was concerned on account of this tenet, largely because it did not get public attention. Now the army results correct the earlier finding, and everyone exclaims: "We are a nation of fourteen-year-olds!" Well, with respect to stature we are a nation of twenty-year-olds. There is no reason for concern because it is discovered that a given mental capacity, intelligence, attains its maximal development in adolescence. If there were some reason to believe that we ought to be sixteen or that other nations are on the average sixteen, there might be some cause for alarm, but there is not. We ought to be congratulating ourselves that we now have a more accurate knowledge concerning one mental capacity, and hoping that success in the field of intelligence promises eventually a detailed knowledge of the special abilities, which are equally important factors in mental life and in the value of the individual to American civilization.

The place where observation often yields too readily to inference is in the answer to the question: Is intelligence inherited? Psychological belief has been that it is, though recently some psychologists have been doubting. The question cannot be answered with assurance until there are observational correlations between parents and their offspring. It may well be that only a tendency toward intelligence is inherited, just as a tendency toward some diseases is inherited, and in such a case we should need to state, in terms of a correlation, the strength of the tendency. Experiments upon animals are in progress, but the results can hardly settle the problem for human beings. The test of intelligence in an animal is a maze to learn or a puzzle-box to open. Such a performance measures a special ability along with the "common factor," and it cannot be considered as a test of intelligence, as we have been using the word, unless observational correlation establishes a relationship. The positive answer therefore still lies in the future, and the person who states dogmatically that the man who consistently scores low in intelligence tests has only his ancestors to blame is not stating an irrefutable fact.

Intelligence Is Largely Predetermined at Five

It is obvious, however, that the intelligence which the tests test is at some time predetermined. If it stops developing in adolescence, it is predetermined for the adult as much as is stature, and no man by taking thought can add ten percent to his intelligence quotient. The intelligence tests begin to be fairly accurate at about five years of age, and we have seen that the child's relative position in intelligence with respect to other children of his age does not alter greatly as he grows up. This fact is expressed by saying that the intelligence-quotient of the child (the ratio of his tested intelligence to his physical age) does not usually vary greatly. It would seem then that intelligence is predetermined at five years of age.

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We are left with several possibilities. The actual time of the predetermination may be in infancy, in utero, or in the germ-plasm. The Freudians have shown the importance of infantile life in its effect upon adult life, and it might not seem strange if the predetermination occurred then. Psychologists, however, do not generally regard this argument seriously because the Freudian mechanisms are all of the order of the special abilities. Almost nothing is known about prenatal determinants, but one psychologist has recently suggested them as accounting for his seeming failure to obtain high correlations between the intelligences of children of the same family. Predetermination by inheritance is supported most strongly by the family histories of the feeble-minded: the Jukes, the Kallikaks, and similar studies. These cases, however, are not conclusive against environment in infancy as a determiner. Degenerate strains naturally grow up in an environment of degeneracy. Strangely enough the argument from correlation is sometimes inverted. Bright parents have a stupid son, and it is suggested that this is just what would sometimes happen if a Mendelian law applied to intelligence. There is no doubt that the argument from authority is for the inheritance of intelligence. It is better, however, to wait upon more research.

If we agree, then, to define intelligence as what the tests of intelligence test, there is a good deal that we can say about it. We can say everything that has been experimentally observed. We can say that it is a "common factor" in many abilities, that it is something like power, that it can be measured roughly although not very finely, that it is only one factor among many in the mental life, that it develops mostly in childhood, that it develops little or not at all in adult life, and that it is largely predetermined at five years of age. Only with more observation and less inference shall we eventually know much more about both intelligence and the special abilities.

EDWIN G. BORING.

Beauty and the Industrial Beast

AMERICA'S industrial period has had two stages, with respect to the beauty (or lack of it) in the things of everyday life. In the first, it exulted in the use of new materials for building which, like iron and glass, had never previously been produced in great quantities; and for a time, in the middle of the nineteenth century, office buildings wore iron façades which resembled in grace and loveliness the hard-boiled shirtfronts which encased the philistine dignity of our grandfathers. The first great monument of this age was the Crystal Palace in London, and the last, perhaps, was the Eiffel Tower; while the chief aesthetic remains of this eruption of iron and silica are the hooded subway entrances of New York and Paris. Still, there was a certain respectable downrightness about this effort to make the shell of early industrialism fit its spiritual carcass; and the best and worst one can say about the gaunt buildings of the period is that they were as honest as Thomas Gradgrind and as obtuse to human sensibilities as Josiah Bounderby.

During the last generation industrialism has entered on a second stage; and we are on the point of discovering that the aesthetic significance of power-driven machinery lies not in the materials that it works with, but in the characteristic way it treats them. The critical mistake of the early artists of industrialism—a mistake which in architecture an informed scholar like Fergusson shared—was to base their aesthetics on the use of certain materials without regard to the purpose in hand. So while their warehouses, their bridges, and their railway termini were done in iron, the decorations which were usually added to these structures, to hide their deformities in design, did not honestly witness the instruments which had fashioned them: they were on the contrary flowers and cornucopias and scrolls, ornaments which recalled virtues and joys that were rapidly passing out of the world. In short, if the Victorian designers were mechanical workers by necessity they were craftsmen in sentiment: they wanted flowers, even though they were metallic flowers; they sought to preserve the golden age, even if they could only take a death-mask of it in cast-iron. This divided purpose keeps even the best products of early Victorian art from being as clean and logical as the mathematical formulae by whose aid they were derived.

Now the aesthetics of handicraft and the aesthetics of the machine are two different things; and what is a virtue in one department is the opposite in the other; indeed, a triumph in machinery would be a distinct loss or perversion in handicraft; and vice-versa. The key to handicraft aesthetics, it seems to me, is superfluity: the carpenter is not content with a planed surface, nor is the mason satisfied with a smooth stone; no, each worker must elaborate the bare utilitarian object until the waterspout becomes a gargoyle, until the capital becomes a writhing mass of foliage, until the table or chair gets the imprint of the fantasies that are passing through the worker's head. The craftsman literally possesses his work, in the sense the Bible says a body is possessed by a "familiar spirit."

Very often, indeed, this elaboration passes the point at which it would give the highest aesthetic delight to the beholder; nevertheless the craftsman keeps pouring himself into his job: he must fill up every blank space, and will not be denied;

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for carving wood or hacking stone, when it is done with a free spirit and not in servile imitation of some other person's design, is a dignified and enjoyable way of living. Those of us who have become acclimated to modern industrialism sometimes find the effulgence and profusion of craftsmanship a little bewildering; but if our enjoyment of the portals of a mediaeval cathedral or the façade of an Indian house is dulled by the myopic intricacy of the pattern, our appreciation of the craftsman's fun and interest should be heightened. Granting art is an end in itself, is it not an end to the worker as well as to the spectator? A great part of craftsmanship needs no other justification than that it bears the marks of a joyous spirit.

When we compare an ideal product of handicraft, like a Florentine table of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, with an ideal product of mechanical art—say a modern bathroom—the contrasting virtues and defects become plain. The conditions that make possible good machine work are, first of all, a complete calculation of consequences, embodied in a working drawing or design: to deviate by a hair's breadth from this calculation is to risk failure. The qualities exemplified in good machine-work follow naturally from the instruments: they are precision, economy, finish, geometric perfection. When the workman's personality intervenes in this process, it is carelessness: if he leaves his imprint it is a flaw. Indeed, could the workman express anything in the course of the machine process, what would it be but his sense of dullness, fatigue, depression—or his lack of imagination—or his desire to escape?

A good pattern in terms of this mechanized industrialism is one that fulfills the bare essentials of an object; the "chairishness" of a chair, the "washiness" of a basin; and any superfluity that may be added by way of ornament is in essence a perversion of the machine process, and by adding dull work to work that is already dull, it defeats the end for which machinery may legitimately play a part in a humane society; namely, to produce a maximum amount of useful goods with a minimum amount of human effort. Craftsmanship, to put the distinction roughly, emphasizes the worker's delight in production; and any one who proposed to reduce the amount of time spent by the wood-carver or the stone-cutter would in effect be attempting to cut short the worker's life. Machine work, on the other hand, stresses the inevitable necessities of consumption; and any dodge or decoration that increases the time spent in serving the machine adds to the physical burden of existence.

In this contrast, we have something like a canon of industrial aesthetics; and we can see, perhaps, why it is so futile and perverse to imitate in a mechanical age the objects that were created during the period of handicraft. Our pathetic servility to the past is due to the fact that we have been slow in perceiving that, once we refuse to accept the norms of handicraft as absolute, there is a new kind of beauty to be achieved *in* and *through* the machine. Ruskin once wondered whether one of the Italian masters would have preferred to paint steel rusted or shining bright; in other words, would he have liked a clean and unflinching mechanical veracity or would he have gone in for logic or caprice? If the answer of some of our modern artists is a criterion, there is no doubt that he would have embraced the machine. In a recent book from Berlin devoted to the new artists and their art, not merely is the mechanical motive predominant, but side by side with these paintings and sculptures there are photographs of grain elevators, automobiles and office-buildings which exemplify the peculiar felicities of machine-work; and if this is an exaggeration, it is the exaggeration of a significant fact.

Who doubts that a great part of the success of these new buildings is due to the fact that the designer did not attempt to model his grain elevator after an Egyptian temple, his garage after a Louis XV stable, or his automobile after a Trojan war-chariot? Unfortunately, a good part of our machine work is perverted to create fake handicraft —like the complicated machine that carves spiral chair legs; and in turn the worker who practises handicraft is debased into a servile drudge who, for example, carves acanthus leaves on functionless capitals without the faintest notion that his predecessors in Corinth probably gathered a bunch of leaves by the brookside before they started work. Between handicraft that is devoted to mechanical reproduction, and machinery that is devoted to simulacra of handicraft, our aesthetic opportunities today are muffed again and again in architecture and interior decoration.

The upshot of all this is that we must learn to discriminate handicraft patterns from industrial patterns; and not attempt to carry over into one realm the aims and ideals of another. I do not by any means think that handicraft ought to be banished; on the contrary, it seems to me that if we have driven handicraft out of the modern city, it will return by way of the country, and that—when our agricultural populations grow more self-conscious and self-sufficient, as they have become today in various parts of Europe—handicraft may again come into its own, in rotation with agriculture, as a seasonal occupation. Just as in Rome the country was pagan and the towns Christian; so in the arts, the country may return to the old gods of handicraft, whilst the city becomes more rigidly and emphatically mechanical. The consummation of industrial aesthetics will come when in our urban apartments the parlor and the dining room are as free from tawdry superfluity as the bathroom and the kitchen. Whether this is a consummation "devoutly to be wished" depends, I think, upon our ability to humanize our mechanical culture.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

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To Spain

THOSE who cross the English Channel yearly probably no longer see the house at Dieppe, no longer feel, as the train moves slowly down the street, one civilization fall, another rise—from the ruin and chaos of British stucco this incredible pink and blue phoenix, four stories high, with its flower-pots, its balconies, its servant girl leaning on the window-sill, indolently looking out. Quite unmoved these travellers sit reading—Thomas Hardy, perhaps—bridging abysses, preserving continuity, a little contemptuous of the excitement which is moving those who feel themselves liberated from one civilization, launched upon another to such odd gestures, such strange irreticences. Everywhere there is the same intensity, as if the moment, instead of moving, lay suddenly solemn, fixed the passers-by in their most transient aspects eternally.

They do not know how important they have become. If they did, perhaps they would cease to buy newspapers and scrub door-steps. But we who are about to leave them feel all the more moved that they should continue to do these homely things on the brink of that precipice—our departure. Therefore it is natural that those who have survived the crossing, with its last scrutiny of passing faces so like a little rehearsal of death, should be shaken; should move handbags; start conversations; tremble for one intoxicating moment upon the brink of that ideal society where everyone without fear or hesitation reveals the depths of his soul.

But it is only for a moment. Next, the disembodied spirit fluttering at the window desires above all things to be admitted to the new society where the houses are painted in lozenges of pale pink and blue; women wear shawls; trousers are baggy; there are crucifixes on hilltops; yellow mongrel dogs; chairs in the street; cobbles—gaiety, frivolity, drama, in short. "I'm awfully sorry for Agnes, because now they can't be married till he gets a job in London. It's too far to get back from the works for midday dinner. I should have thought the father would have done something for them." These detached sentences, spoken a little brokenly (for they are frowning into tiny mirrors and drawing combs intently through fair bobbed hair) by two English girls, fall like the bars of a prison-house heavily across the mind. It is from them that we must escape; the hours, the works, the divisions, rigid and straight, of the old British week.

Already, as the train moved out of Dieppe, these obstructions seemed bubbling and boiling in the cauldron of a more congenial civilization. The days of the week diminished; the hours disappeared. It was five o'clock, but no banks had simultaneously shut their doors, nor from innumerable lifts had millions of citizens emerged in time for dinner, or in the poorer suburbs for slices of cold meat and Swiss roll laid orderly in shallow glass dishes. There must be divisions, even for the French, but where they fall we cannot tell, and the lady in the corner, so pale, so plump, so compact, seemed as she sat smiling to be riding life over ditches and boundaries smoothed out by the genius of the Latin race.

She rose to go to the dining car. As she sat down she took a small frying-pan from her handbag and hid it discreetly beneath a tent made from a copy of Le Temps. Deftly, as each dish was served, she secreted a portion in the absence of the waiter. Her husband smiled. Her husband approved. We only knew that she was brave. They might be poor. The helpings were large. The French have mothers. To redress perpetually the extravagances of life, and make the covering fit the fact instead of bulging in ostentatious emptiness, was part, no doubt, of the French genius for living. Still, when it comes to the thick, yellow rind of a not fresh cheese— Ironically smiling, she condescended, in that exquisite tongue which twinkles like diamonds with all its accents, to explain she kept a dog. But she might have kept—anything. "Life is so simple," she seemed to say.

"Life is so simple—life is so simple," said the wheels of the Sud Express all night long in that idiotic or ironic way they have for any message less appropriate to the uneasy darkness, the clank of chains, the anguished cries of railwaymen, and, in the dawn, the misery of the unrested body could scarcely be imagined. But travellers are much at the mercy of phrases. Taken from home, which, like a shell, has made them hard, separate, individual, vast generalizations formulate in their exposed brains; the stress of wheel or window-blind beats into rhythm idiotic sayings of false profundity about life, repeats to distraction fragments of prose, and makes them stare with ferocious melancholy at the landscape, which, in the middle of France, is dull enough.

The French are methodical; but life is simple; the French are prosaic; the French have roads. Yes, they have roads which strike from that lean poplar there to Vienna, to Moscow; pass Tolstoy's house, climb mountains, then march, all shop decorated, down the middle of famous cities. But in England the road runs out on to a cliff; wavers into sand at the edge of the sea. It begins to seem dangerous to live in England. Here actually one could build a house and have no neighbors; go for a walk along this eternal white road for two, three, four miles, and meet only one black dog and one old woman who, depressed perhaps by the immensity of the landscape and the futility of locomotion, has sat herself down on a bank, attached her cow to her by a rope, and there sits, unmoved,

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incurious, monumental. Could our English poets for a moment share her seat and think her thoughts, forget the parish, the pansy and the sparrow's egg, and concentrate (as she appears to do) upon the fate of man!

But as the country grows larger and larger outside Bordeaux the concentration which is needed to produce even the simplest of little thoughts is rent as a glove is torn by the thrust of a large hand. Blessed are painters with their brushes, paints, and canvases. But word are flimsy things. They turn tail at the first approach of visual beauty. They let one down in the most literal sense into a chaotic, an alarming chasm, filled—for the eye pours it all in—with white towns, with mules in single file, with solitary farms, with enormous churches, with vast fields crumbling at evening into pallor, with fruit-trees blazing askew like blown matches, and trees burning with oranges, and clouds and storms. Beauty seems to have closed overhead, and one washes this way and that in her waters. It is always on the shoulders of a human being that one climbs out; a profile in the corridor; a lady in deep mourning who steps into a motor-car and drives across an arid plain—where and why? a child in Madrid throwing confetti effusively upon the figure of Christ; an Englishman discussing, while his hat obscures half the Sierra Nevada, Mr. Winston Churchill's last article in the Times. "No," one says to beauty—as one rebukes an importunate dog—"down, down; let me look at you through the eyes of human beings."

But the Englishman's hat is no measure of the Sierra Nevada. Setting out next day upon foot and mule-back, this wrinkled red and white screen, this background for hats, this queer comment (especially at sunset) upon Mr. Churchill's articles in the Times, is found to consist of stones, olive trees, goats, asphodels, irises, bushes, ridges, shelves, clumps, tufts and hollows innumerable, indescribable, unthinkable. The mind's contents break into short sentences. It is hot; the old man; the frying-pan; it is hot; the image of the Virgin; the bottle of wine; it is time for lunch; it is only half-past twelve; it is hot. And then over and over again come all those objects—stones, olives, goats, asphodels, dragon-flies, irises, until by some trick of the imagination they run into phrases of command, exhortation and encouragement such as befit soldiers marching, sentinels on lonely nights, and leaders of great battalions. But must one give up the struggle? Must one relinquish the game? Yes, for the clouds are drifting across the pass; mules mind not what they carry; mules never stumble; they know the way. Why not leave everything to them?

Riders, as night comes on (and the pass was very misty), seem to be riding out of life towards some very enticing prospect, while the four legs of their beasts carry on all necessary transactions with the earth. Riders are at rest; on they go, and on and on. And, they muse, what does it all matter; and what harm can come to a good man (behold two priests stepping out of the drizzle, bowing and disappearing) in life or after death? And then, since a fox has crossed the path, which is on turf and must be nearly at the top of the mountain, how strangely it seems as if they were riding in England, a long day's journey, hundreds of years ago, and the danger is over, and they see the lights of the inn, and the hostess comes into the courtyard and bids them sit round the fire while she cooks dinner, which they do, half-dreaming, while clumsy boys and girls with red flowers pass and repass in the background, and the mother suckles her baby, and the old man, who never speaks, breaks tufts from the brushwood and throws them on the fire, which blazes up, and the whole company stares.

But, good heavens! One never knows what days follow what nights. Good heavens again! "Don Fernando had a passion for pigeon pie, and so kept pigeons up here"—on his roof, that is, from which one has this astonishing, this strange, this disturbing view of the Alpujarras. "He died last summer in Granada." Did he, indeed? It is the light, of course; a million razor-blades have shaved off the bark and the dust, and out pours pure color; whiteness from fig-trees; red and green and again white from the enormous, the humped, the everlasting landscape. But listen to the sounds on the roof—first the fluttering pigeons; then water rushing; then an old man crying chickens for sale; then a donkey braying in the valley far below. Listen; and as one listens this random life begins to be issued from the heart of a village which has faced the African coast with a timeless and aristocratic endurance for a thousand years. But how say this (as one descends from the blaze) to the Spanish peasant woman who bids one enter her room, with its lilies and its washing, and smiles and looks out of the window as if she too had looked for a thousand years?

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

On A College Commencement

Think, though we left our college long ago,
We are not dead—although we surely died—
While living boys go careless to and fro
With our old insolence and early pride.

Unless your heart is armoured and serene
Do not go back; recall the scornful days
We knew when every June upon our green
The graduates returned to ape our ways.

Contorted brains and flabby shapes of men,
They thought once more to live and tried their best,
They drank and grinned and were but drunk again
Where drunkenness was once a flaming jest.

And now we are those drunken ghosts and know
That life does not revive by saying so.

H. PHELPS PUTNAM.

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The Wet Drive and the A. F. of L.

THE drive to induce the American Federation of Labor to join the chorus for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment will provide one of the real thrillers in the political field from now until the next presidential election.

President Gompers is persistent in his opposition to prohibition. But though for the past thirty-six years (with the single exception of the year 1894) the delegates to the Federation's conventions have regularly lined up for Mr. Gompers as president, in vital political and economic issues they have frequently declined to follow his leadership.

The grizzled veteran of the American organized labor movement has, for instance, always opposed government ownership of railroads. But the 1920 convention, in spite of his strong speech in opposition, voted overwhelmingly for government ownership. Though he has persistently fought the formation by labor of a political party, the Chicago Federation voted 10 to 1 in favor of an independent labor party and the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor later voted 300 to 1 in favor of independent political action. Because of the success of the Farmer-Labor party in the Middle West last fall, political action will be an outstanding issue in the convention to be held in Portland, Oregon, in October of this year. Doubtless Mr. Gompers will be reelected, but additional evidence is available to indicate that the convention delegates and the labor ranks in general are getting out of hand and refusing to adhere to the political policies which are advocated by the old-line leaders.

Meanwhile, though the 1923 convention is some months away, rumblings of dissatisfaction with Mr. Gompers's repeated attacks on prohibition are heard on the hustings, and any attempt by the wet element to urge the Federation to go on record against the Eighteenth Amendment is certain to be stoutly opposed.

Recently the Central Labor Council of Everett, Washington, declared that President Gompers does not express the sentiment of organized labor on the question. Labor leaders in many industrial centres are outspoken in their opinions that prohibition has helped the labor movement and that the ousting of the saloons has been an important factor in allowing it to develop along legitimate lines.

Many national labor officials, notably the heads of the railroad brotherhoods, are also plainly out of sympathy with President Gompers's stand on prohibition. While not all the railroad organizations are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, recent public expressions of such leaders as Warren S. Stone, Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, D. B. Robertson, Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and others, are fairly representative of the opinions of many who have no desire to interfere with present prohibition legislation.

Mr. Stone says:

> The international convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, assembled in Cleveland in 1918, declared by unanimous vote in favor of world-wide prohibition. The vote was cast by 828 delegates representing 90,000 Locomotive Engineers in the United States and Canada. In addition to this . . . Section 52 of the constitution and by-laws of the B. of L. E., declares that "The use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage by members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is prohibited."
>
> I do not know by what authority Mr. Gompers speaks for the American Federation of Labor, but there is no doubt as to the authority I have for making my declaration on the subject of prohibition.

Mr. Robertson states:

> I would be bitterly opposed to any modification or repeal of the Volstead Act. Section 4, Article 17, of the constitution of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen states: "A member who uses intoxicating liquors to excess or who shall be found guilty of drunkenness shall, upon conviction, be penalized."

W. G. Lee, President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Trainmen, is no less emphatic in his views:

> I can very emphatically say that so long as this Act is on the statute books of the country the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen is in favor of its enforcement, as it is in favor of the enforcement of all the laws of the country.

L. E. Sheppard, President of the Order of Railroad Conductors, says:

> The Order of Railroad Conductors has long had an article in its constitution which provides that any person engaging in the liquor traffic shall be expelled from the order. I know Mr. Gompers very well and have talked with him and know his views on this subject, and I do not agree with him that organized labor is in favor of any modification or repeal of the Volstead Act.

These expressions enable one to form an idea of some of the prohibition sentiment in labor union circles. In the old days, "Don't vote your fellow workingman out of a job," and "Prohibition robs the worker of his personal liberty," made an effective appeal. But since the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment the average trade unionist is no longer impressed.

The drive to line up organized labor in an anti-prohibition crusade will meet with little success

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if the "unemployment" argument is used again, for there is very little unemployment in America—a condition which is likely to continue for some time. Besides many trade unionists are becoming convinced that the transfer of capital from the manufacture of liquor to other lines has materially helped the unemployment situation. According to the Federal Census Reports a capital investment of over $4,000 was required to employ one wage-earner in the manufacture of liquor, compared with less than $2,000 in other industries. "Tear down a saloon and in its place is built a factory," said John Mitchell, former president of the United Mine Workers of America. And wet labor leaders have never been able successfully to combat the claims of the dry labor men that more men are employed in other lines, in proportion to the capital which is invested, than in the liquor business.

In scores of cities labor temples have been built since the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect, and claims are made that this is due largely to prohibition. Previously labor unions in many cities had meeting places above saloons where the rent was "free." "In Denver we had 108 unions meeting in 28 different places, mostly above saloons," declared a prominent Denver labor leader. "We could not get together because the liquor interests didn't want to see us bunched. But when the state went dry, we were able to put it over and now we have a splendid labor temple, owned and controlled by the local unions." St. Paul, Detroit and other cities where labor temples have recently been built tell the same story.

Is it not strange that labor banks in Washington, D. C., New York, Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago, Minneapolis and other cities have all been organized since 1920? Some labor leaders have said this movement would have come anyway, but isn't the question pertinent?

Union secretaries report that dues are paid more promptly than formerly. Perhaps this somewhat motivates the sentiment in favor of prohibition among local officials whose duty it is to see than this important phase of union business is attended to each month!

Friends of prohibition in labor circles also emphasize the fact that the liquor interests invariably opposed woman suffrage and direct legislation, two of the leading legislative demands of the American labor movement.

From all appearances the dry trade unionists are not planning to "lie down" while the wet drive is on, and interesting developments may be expected in connection with the attempt to persuade the American Federation of Labor to pull the liquor interests' chestnuts out of the fire.

RICHARD T. JONES.

Seven Lies About Russia

NOW that I am back in America, I remember. I had forgotten, during thirteen months in Russia, the sort of misunderstanding, error and falsehood which are so prevalent over here in regard to the Soviet government and the people who live under it. It is true, of course, that no nation ever quite understands any other nation; and Russia, even before the revolution, was an enigma to Western Europeans and Americans. Because mistakes are easy is no reason, however, for not seeking to correct them. I venture to list below seven current falsehoods about Russia, and a brief reply to each. My comment is based on more than a year of work there from which I have just returned. During this year I travelled over all of Great Russia, read the Russian papers and talked with all sorts of Russians, Communists and anti-Communists, toilers in all types of industry, city dwellers and peasants.

1) *That the New Economic Policy means Russia has abandoned Communism.* In the eyes of the Soviet government leaders, and the rank and file of the Communist party, this is not true. The retreat to state capitalism was necessary and inevitable, they believe; Lenin predicted it as long ago as 1918. But it is a temporary recession, in their eyes, forced partly by the disorganized condition in which war and Tsarism had left the country, partly because the communistic experiment was tried as a measure arising from war necessity during and after a revolution, in a country where most people lived under primitive agricultural conditions, to which the Marxian formulae did not apply.

The orthodox Communists, then, believe the retreat into capitalism will be but temporary. The party discovered that it lacked the technicians, the experts in production and distribution, to keep industry going. It was forced, therefore, to call back the bourgeois brains just as it was forced to restore the private trader. But as soon as "red" experts have been trained—and the technical workers' faculties and universities and agricultural schools are busily engaged at this—the Soviet government hopes to get at least part way back on the road to Communism.

2) *That religious persecutions are going on in Russia of which the Butchkavitch and Tikhon trials are examples.* This is partly the result, I suppose, of a deliberate desire to raise religious prejudice against the Soviet government, and partly the result of a confusion of two separate and unconnected things. There has been an anti-religious move-

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ment in Russia; but as an organized effort it lasted only a few months; was participated in almost entirely by youthful Communists; and had its first and probably its last public affair in the parades last Christmas. It is an example of the first emotional enthusiasm of a desire for a rationalistic and scientific society in which all superstition will be eliminated; but in my judgment it had no connection with the trials of the priests.

The Soviet government, having of course nationalized all church property, passed a law providing that the members of any congregation could lease from the state their own church. Butchkavitch was charged both with resisting the law, which he and other priests undoubtedly did, and with receiving from Poland at the time of the Russo-Polish war money ostensibly to be used in resisting the efforts of congregations to get control of their churches but in reality devoted to aiding the efforts of Russia's military and political enemies. I was unable to secure any evidence in Russia that he did not have a fair trial and I heard much to convince me that the pictures painted in American newspapers, both of the proceedings and of the personal characteristics of court officials, were grotesquely misleading. The fact that only one man was sentenced to death, while a number of his fellow-defendants were given prison sentences, some comparatively light, seems to me good evidence that the trial was not an indiscriminate orgy of hatred and murder.

The case against Dr. Tikhon is also based on two sets of charges, the first of which is that he headed the conspiracy of the priests of the Greek orthodox church to resist the Soviet government's order that church treasures be used in fighting the famine. Use of the church treasures for non-religious purposes, it should be explained, has been a common incident in Russian history, confiscation having been practised by the Tsars for far more ignoble purposes than famine relief; also, the Soviet order did not take any of the objects actually needed in the service, but only the superfluous gold and silver ornaments.

The other charge against Dr. Tikhon is conspiring with counter-revolutionaries to bring back the monarchy; and on this score I will only say that certainly the grounds for suspicion are more than ample justification for the trial.

3) *That the Social Revolutionaries are being subjected to outrageous persecution.* It is true that some of the leaders of this party are still in jail, though some have also been freed. On "Woman's Day" in March, for instance, many of the women prisoners were granted amnesty. While I have no direct evidence on this point, it is commonly believed in Russia by non-Communists as well as Communists, that the Social Revolutionary leaders conspired with counter-revolutionists and themselves resorted to assassination in their efforts to overthrow the Bolsheviki. These beliefs were expressed in a convention of the rank and file of the Social Revolutionary party in Moscow in March at which the imprisoned leaders were repudiated and the program of the Communist party supported. Those who now remain in jail are no doubt still incarcerated as hostages for the good behavior of their allies outside the border of Russia.

While no Social Revolutionary papers may be published in Russia at present, the members of that party are not restrained from expressing their views in meetings of the trade unions, the soviets and other social and economic groups. This subject is really part of the fourth American misapprehension about Russia which is

4) *That freedom of speech is entirely lacking in Russia at the present time.* In general, this statement is quite false. Freedom of the press is curtailed, certainly, in that papers devoted to the propaganda of Social Revolutionary and other political parties are not permitted to be published (with the exception of the Anarchists who have a journal of their own). In the pages of the government press and in the non-political magazines, several of which are being privately published, ample space is devoted to criticism of both practices and theories of the Soviet government. The same thing is true of public meetings. More than once I have heard an Anarchist, Social Revolutionary or Menshevik rise in a factory gathering and roundly denounce what was being done by the Communists.

It is true that raids on the Anarchists take place from time to time in which numbers of them are rounded up and questioned. They are usually released promptly, however, and I don't think these arrests can fairly be characterized as instances of malignant oppression. If they can, Mr. Palmer's "red raids" in America certainly deserve a far stronger and uglier appellation.

In general, the Russian attitude toward freedom of speech is much more like that of England than America. Any person, representing any point of view, may "heckle" at a public meeting, and no one would ever dream of preventing him. Several people, including professors in the Universities, who are on the state's payroll, have told me openly and without any apparent fear, that they are Monarchists. Much of the criticism of the government in the trade union press and other periodicals would not, I am confident, be permitted to pass through the mails if written in America about our government.

State documents of other countries dealing with Russia are invariably printed in full in the Soviet press, no matter how unfriendly in tone. There is of course, a telegraph censorship of material sent out of Russia by newspaper correspondents. I am unable to speak from personal experience in regard to this, but I believe it is certainly no more drastic than similar censorships enforced by the Allies during the war; and the Soviet government, it is to be remembered, regards itself as still engaged in a

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class war about which it is quite as serious as were the combatants in the recent European struggle.

5) *That the Soviet government deliberately ignored its own starving millions and sold needed foodstuffs for export.* This a curious criticism. The selling of grain abroad is a part of the New Economic Policy which was demanded of Russia by Western Europe. If the Communistic policy to which the other nations objected had been maintained the peasants' grain would have been confiscated, held by the Soviet government and kept available for famine relief. Instead, under the new policy the peasants are taxed ten or fifteen percent and the remainder of their grain is their own property. In selling it, they dislike to accept paper money, preferring either gold (which of course is not available) or credit on goods in government or cooperative stores. To secure such goods, surplus grain from those states which have more than they can use has been sold abroad and manufactured articles, and particularly agricultural machinery, have been imported. It is true that the government has a monopoly on export; but it acts virtually as a broker, selling the grain for the peasants' account. Even if it exported grain of its own and imported machine tools, etc., the net result would be the same since with these machine tools goods would be manufactured for the peasants.

6) *That Russia today is a wretched and melancholy place full of suffering.* It is true that in the famine areas appalling misery has existed and still exists; and all Russia, of course, has gone through terrible privations in the past nine years. Yet speaking in general the impression I have brought away with me is a cheerful one. I never saw a country so addicted to giving "parties" and having a good time at them. If housing conditions are still bad and rations are still skimpy, the average Russian worker has spiritual compensations which more than balance these physical hardships. In some industries real wages are higher than before the war; and in many others, they approximate the pre-war levels. I believe the average worker in the metal trades, for instance, is better off in Russia today than in Germany, or almost anywhere else in Central Europe.

Many of the dreadful stories of disease and privation no longer accurately describe Russian conditions today. There is for example comparatively little typhus; since about 25,000,000 persons have had this disease in the last few years, the country is practically immune. While physicians, nurses, hospitals and medical supplies are not plentiful, the needs of the Russian population outside the famine area are today being fairly well met. I took two American girls, relief workers, to see a free medical dispensary and children's clinic and they declared the work was superior to anything they had seen in extended tours of observation in the Central Empires.

It is quite true that the schools are still handicapped especially for lack of physical equipment, and in the famine areas some have not been reopened; but I believe with this exception it is no longer the case, save in very rare instances, that such elementary materials as paper and pencils are lacking. Most villages have a communal fund to which every peasant contributes at least a few bushels of wheat or rye, and with this school equipment is purchased when necessary. I also think the stories about "dreadful immorality among school children" must be classed with the absurd myth about "the nationalization of women." I visited many schools; and in most of them I found the teachers of the New England "schoolmarm" type, inclined to be too severe rather than too lax.

Educational methods throughout provincial Russia are still of the old-fashioned type which depends upon strict discipline rather than freedom, though in the cities some of the most modern methods similar to our own "Gary plan" are being experimented with.

7) *That the Soviet government is persecuting the intelligentsia, and the bourgeoisie in general.* It would be absurd to deny that both these groups have suffered enormous hardships. The revolution and the economic and social readjustments which followed it have caused great suffering to nearly all classes, as is inevitable in every revolution. It is true, however, that those who have suffered most were those who refused to accommodate themselves to the change and have steadfastly declined to cooperate with the new government. Members of the gentility who had never learned how to work find themselves spiritually adrift and lost, in a society where everyone is expected to labor; but even these persons, if they have remained in Russia and have not engaged in counter-revolutionary activities are fed, clothed and housed as well (and often better) than the average working man or woman. The only classes disfranchised are those who do not work either with hand or brain. Considering the social philosophy which underlies the policy of the present government, I do not see how fairer treatment could be expected for persons who repudiate that philosophy than is given these supporters of the old régime in Russia today.

I have mentioned only seven of the current misconceptions regarding Russia; there are a dozen which might be discussed if space permitted. I am not so ingenuous as to suppose that this statement of mine can have any serious effect in altering the current state of American opinion; but it seems to me in a way obligatory for an American who has seen conditons quite foreign to those commonly described in the press, to make an effort to point out the truth. That is what I have tried to do in this brief article.

ROBERT DUNN.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Recall of Judicial Decisions

SIR: In your editorial, The Supreme Court Again, you allow yourself to use an expression which I cannot understand as emanating from an organ of progressive liberalism. You say, "Mr. Frear's sweeping proposals for the recall of the judges and the decisions of the court go far beyond the justification of experience." If "beyond the justification of experience" means that the thing has not been sufficiently tried to justify it fully, this would be an argument against any proposed change whatsoever—unmitigated stand-patism!

If, on the other hand, you mean that in the limited number of cases where the recall of judicial decisions has actually taken place, as by the British Parliament, the results have been bad, I flatly challenge your evidence. I am not very sanguine myself about the liberating effect of the recall. It is a bit of machinery which may be used by reactionaries as well as by liberals. (Recent events have shattered the myth that our so-called conservatives really care for law and order when it happens to conflict with their temporary interests.) But in the interests of intellectual fair play I wish to suggest that the proposals to make our Constitution more flexible through the recall of judicial decisions and to make our judges more responsible through their own recall, are in line with the democratic theory and practice of government.

It has not been refuted but has rather been lynched by the hysterical outcry which the leaders of the American bar have raised against this proposed appeal from the legal forum to the people themselves. I have read everything which has been printed as an argument against the recall of judicial decisions and I cannot find a suggestion of anything worse than the present arrangement whereby five elderly gentlemen having limited sources of information and responsible to no one but themselves have the last word on all the issues which may decide the fate of the nation in the years to come. MORRIS R. COHEN.

New York City.

[An inquiry from Professor Cohen is entitled to the fullest and most respectful response. Professor Cohen asks what we mean by the statement that "Mr. Frear's sweeping proposals for the recall of the judges and the decisions of the court go far beyond the justification of experience." He suggests that we are too timid to enjoy experiment and challenges us to produce evidence that legislative review of judicial decisions has not worked well.

We do not feel that our statement was timid nor unsupported by the facts. We meant and still mean that very considerable experience here and abroad has shown that legislative review is a clumsy and unsuccessful method of trying to introduce broader social conceptions into the administration of justice.

Legislative administration of justice by review of court decisions and otherwise is not new even in modern times. Throughout a good part of the last century in England, Canada and the American states the legislatures had power to grant new trials, to grant divorces, to issue decrees in insolvency cases, to institute criminal prosecutions, and to adjudicate claims against the government. Practically every one of these jurisdictions has been abandoned because of the unsatisfactory working of legislative administration of justice.

(a) General appellate jurisdiction. In England until the middle of the nineteenth century the lay lords voted upon important cases which came before the house of lords in its judicial capacity. The votes were to a very considerable extent governed by personal or party motives and were given by men who had heard little or none of the argument. This practice was abandoned in 1844 when Lord Lyndhurst by presenting the evils of the system to the house in the O'Connell case induced the lay lords to refrain from voting.

Nearly all American state legislatures granted new trials during the first part of the nineteenth century. See Calder & Bull, 3 Dallas 386; see also 1 New Hampshire Reports, 199 at page 216. The practice was most unsatisfactory and has been universally abandoned.

(b) Legislative divorces. The New York legislature granted divorces until 1850; Connecticut, Rhode Island, Ohio and Pennsylvania until 1874; Alabama, until 1889. The experience of all these states was that the jurisdiction was greatly abused; that the employment of members of the legislature to push bills and the attendant log rolling was a scandal; and, as was said in the debates in Rhode Island preceding abolition of the jurisdiction, divorces were granted on evidence too flimsy for the courts. See also Vol. 3, Debates of Penn. Constitutional Convention of 1874, page 7.

(c) Insolvency. The Rhode Island legislature had jurisdiction in insolvency to 1832, and the Senate, appellate jurisdiction to 1857; the New York Senate had appellate jurisdiction until 1846. Both states abandoned the practice.

(d) Criminal prosecutions. Attainder and bills of pains and penalties. In the United States these became obsolete with the Constitution after an orgy of legislative lynching and confiscation during the revolutionary period. In England they have not been in use since George IV's bill against Queen Caroline.

Closely connected with this experience has been that arising out of impeachment proceedings. So far from justifying a return to legislative review American experience has tended to take this power from the legislatures and vest it in the Supreme Court of the State. See Nebraska Constitution of 1875 following the impeachment of Governor Butler in 1871; Debates on Constitutional changes in New York, 1846, p. 557; Stephen Criminal Law, Vol. 1, page 160. The reflections of James G. Blaine on President Johnson's impeachment give his sober judgment on legislative justice; Twenty Years in Congress, Vol. 2, pp. 369-370-381. In the impeachment of Governor Cox of Minnesota in 1881 only eleven of the thirty-three senators voting heard all the evidence.

This is a hasty and incomplete reference to some of the experience which seems to us to have demonstrated the unsatisfactory character of legislative interference in the administration of justice. The earlier experience in the development of English law was to the same effect and observations could also be made upon the jurisdiction of the French Senate to "pass judgment upon the President of the Republic and the ministers and to take cognizance of attacks upon the security of the state." The present proposal of Mr. Frear's which we said went far beyond the justification of experience, is simply a return to an old process under a new name by authorizing a legislative review of practically all the Supreme Court's decisions, in which a state or federal statute is construed.

Experience seems to us all against resorting to this process. We quite agree that the present situation is undesirable, but we feel strongly that processes are as important as ends and that the occasion calls for analysis and intelligence rather than a mechanical leaping from the frying pan into the fire.

A great deal of our present difficulty comes from our own invitation. The due process clauses like the Sherman law are almost commands to the average judge to read his fundamental economic and philosophical concepts into the law. The contract clause was an empty canvass for the court to fill and the commerce clause was drafted before the endless complications of modern life were dreamed of. Surely it is possible for the American people in the light of their experience to give more explicit sailing orders to the Supreme Court, and not rest content with a chart which in many parts is like the Bellman's, "A perfect and absolute blank." Such a method of modernizing the law seems to us infinitely more hopeful than the reversion to a discredited practice crude at best and corrupt and capricious at worst.

We do not see the force in Professor Cohen's observation that the recall and the attempt to make judges responsible is in line with democratic theory. From the point of view of "an organ of progressive liberalism," which he is good enough to call us, it makes no difference what theory a proposal is in line with. Liberalism, we take it, suggests freedom with a saving touch of scepticism. It requires as open a view as is humanly possible and a judgment as far as possible based upon the evidence. If the facts, as nearly as we can judge them, support a proposal logically deduced from our dogmas we are fortunate indeed. But if they do not we must not suppress the facts.—THE EDITORS.]

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Ernest Boyd's Review

SIR: Mr. Ernest Boyd's review of the History of French Literature, by William A. Nitze and E. Preston Dargan, which appeared in your issue of March 14th, suggests nothing so much as an ill-tempered school girl pointing a vicious tongue. The tone throughout is: "Just see how ugly I can be!"

The vivacious ignorance with which Mr. Boyd assails all history of literature does not concern us, but what rouses us to this particular reply is his assumption that if there must be histories of literature, in spite of his disapproval, they should be limited to a discussion of modern writers. No other period has his attention. If a critic condemned a history of English literature from the earliest period to the twentieth century merely because he differed with the author as to the value, say, of Mr. Siegfried Sassoon's verse, or because of the omission of a few of his favorites from a list of modern novelists, we should have a parallel to Mr. Boyd's criticism of Messrs. Nitze and Dargan's book.

Mr. Nitze's work, which obviously comprises the entire first half of the volume, dealing with the main currents of French literature from the ninth to the eighteenth century, and which to the student is all important, is not even mentioned by Mr. Boyd.

We are, therefore, led to believe that the critic did not take time to read this half of the book, or that he did not trust himself to express an opinion upon any period of French literature earlier than the nineteenth century. There is one other supposition left us, and it seems tenable, considering the acrimonious tone of the article: Mr. Boyd, finding no opening for malicious interpretation in this portion of the history preferred to focus a magnifying lense upon what appears to him omissions in the last chapters. But even in this section Mr. Boyd wilfully restricts his vision. No mention is made of Mr. Dargan's admirable chapters on Voltaire and Balzac. No appreciation is shown for his arresting exposition of the romantic and realistic periods of French thought.

On the other hand, Mr. Boyd takes issue with Mr. Dargan because he fails to achieve the impossible, that is, to make his bibliography of contemporary authors complete. This, although it is stated by Messrs. Nitze and Dargan that their bibliography "is strictly selective." Again, Mr. Boyd objects excitedly to the omission of names such as that of Camille Lemonnier from the pages on modern French novelists. Now, to take only this example; Camille Lemonnier was a Belgian—in fact a pure Fleming. He had great influence upon the young Flemish literary insurgents of his day, but none upon French letters. Moreover, several histories of Belgian literature have been published recently—and for the authors of a history of French literature, restriction not expansion is a virtue. Mr. Boyd in his attempt to give his readers a wrong impression of the book has merely succeeded in giving a wrong impression of himself. Surely, he cannot be as immature mentally as he appears!

Baltimore, Maryland. CHARLES MILLER.

Proposed Changes in the League

SIR: The New York Council for International Cooperation to Prevent War realizes that the League of Nations is, so far, the only comprehensive scheme for international cooperation, but we believe that substantial bodies of our citizens will be opposed to entrance into this organization until certain changes have been accepted. These questions have, so far, been evaded, whereas they should be faced and solved.

If the League is to be chosen as an instrument of international cooperation among the changes which we believe public opinion will require are:

1) That the Supreme Council turn over to the League all matters concerned with the carrying out of the Treaty of Versailles, and the enforcement or modification of its provisions.

2) That provision be made for democratic representation on the governing body of the League, and that the proceedings of the League be conducted with a publicity which will permit the functioning of a democratic public opinion.

3) That the League accept the report of its own Disarmament Committee (of which Lord Robert Cecil is Chairman) especially the clauses which provide:

(a) that the military and aerial forces shall under no circumstances be called upon for service except in the continents from which they come, and

(b) that especially threatened countries may have special protection.

4) That the clauses which legalize war be rewritten in such a way that nations are no longer exempt from the moral code, and that war be definitely outlawed.

5) That the jurisdiction of the Permanent Court of International Justice be made affirmative, and a code of international law established.

6) That all nations asking for membership to the League be admitted.

We feel that these suggestions ought to be considered and if they could be discussed it would be of the greatest possible service.

MARY KINGSBURY SIMKHOVITCH, Chairman,
New York Council for International Cooperation
to Prevent War.

New York City.

Professor McDougall's Outline of Psychology

SIR: It must have occurred to many readers of the New Republic that Dr. Watson's review of Professor McDougall's recent Outline of Psychology was written in a spirit of partisanship which borders on unfairness. And if, as the reviewer claims, behavior psychology can really control human behavior, it would seem as if the founders were immune to the triumphs of their science; for in his eagerness to exercise "control" Dr. Watson has given many wrong impressions. The very title of his review "Professor McDougall Returns to Religion," as well as the similar expression in the third paragraph, is scarcely correct, seeing that the author has not shown any greater leaning in the direction of religion here than in his previous books; in fact less than in most of them. If Dr. Watson has in mind Professor McDougall's advocacy of a soul hypothesis, then he surely must know how definitely this hypothesis was stated in the latter's Physiological Psychology, published nearly twenty years ago. Dr. Watson would make it appear that Professor McDougall became associated with the Society for Psychical Research only after arriving in this country, though it is well-known that Mr. McDougall was President of the Psychical Research Society in England before leaving Oxford. And if a book is to be condemned because its author is affiliated with the Psychical Research Society and happens to be a dualist ("and this in the year 1923" or eleven years after 1912 when behaviorism was founded by the reviewer) we should be harking back to the days when an author's views in general and deportment in private life entered into the evaluation of a particular work of his. It would be well to ask Dr. Watson whether he could name more than five reputable psychologists who are not dualists, i. e. simply persons who believe that mind and matter are two different things.

Aside from his recognizing in Bishop Berkeley a countryman of McDougall's, let us note Dr. Watson's reading into the latter an aversion to experimental laboratory psychology, when the book under review is chock-full of discussions of experimental investigations; let us further point out the perfectly gratuitous statement that the book "breeds a lazy, genial, speculative arm-chair attitude," when the whole purpose of the volume seems to the stimulation of thought in contrast to the indolent explaining away of difficult points by the merest pen stroke so characteristic of Dr. Watson's school.

In my Behaviorism and Psychology I have tried to assemble all the foibles of the behaviorists. It did not occur to me that they would in addition manifest such an extreme intolerance as to take away every particle of merit from a book which, with all its faults, will undoubtedly be greeted by the large majority of psychologists both here and abroad as a distinct contribution to the science of *psychology*.

A. A. ROBACK.

Harvard University,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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Faint Perfume

LULU BETT was the kind of character one remembers. She had the quality one avoids analyzing by calling it "real". Just what means "reality" in a novelist's character can lead into interminable jungles of discussion, for everyone of us has his own idea of what reality is. True to life? But there are quantities of ridiculously, fabulously unreal people walking about in real life. At any rate Miss Lulu Bett was real, if you know what I mean. She had that little spark of life all her own which gave her that independence of her creator which marks the living from the dead in characters of fiction. She was alive because her author left her considerably alone. She was another proof of the fairly safe rule that an author's hands, laid too heavily on his characters, are death to them. A free bird sings more truly than one in a cage, and most authors murder their characters by shutting them in a cage, by wanting to know all about them, by exerting over them a sort of omniscient ownership.

Lulu Bett was free: that is why we like to remember her. The people in Miss Zona Gale's Faint Perfume (Appletons: $2.00) are struggling to become real against their author's too intimate contact with them. They are somewhere between ghost and flesh. With one exception—and he stands out like a rock in a mist. He is even more definite than Lulu Bett, and so it is too bad that he is not the character which Miss Gale seems most anxious to make real. Grandfather Crumb, because he has so much life of his own, forces his way from the outer fringe of the novel where was the place intended for him to its very centre.

Grandfather Crumb is surely intended to be nothing more than an odd and touching piece of furniture in a room about which the important thing should seem that it is filled with faint perfume. The perfume grows fainter and fainter because it is too much insisted upon, and our eyes are more and more fascinated by the solid, whimsical, creaking, pathetic old armchair.

What is Faint Perfume about? A lot of it is very sensitive refined description of the more intangible tortures of the commonplace upon a delicate soul. A lot more is about the relations between people which arise as inexplicably as a breeze, and shift as suddenly. Most of all the book is about feelings, the ultra- and infra-feelings which lurk invisibly at the ends of the emotional scale and are scarcely visible to the crude naked eye. The skeleton of the book is a beautiful, vague and mildly tragic love-story, but it is into the describing of those states of mind that Miss Gale puts her greatest effort. When the effort is not apparent, Miss Gale is successful; when her effort shows, the novel grinds against the rocks.

"The Crumbs' living-room was the home of articles preserved out of sentiment for a sentiment no longer enduring." Excellent. A world of information about the Crumb family in one brief, light touch. It is hard to understand how Miss Gale who is able to toss that off is also capable of believing that this way of talking about her characters makes them any realler to us: "Leda went through the day, still, poised in space, mind registering but withdrawn from routine as if to make room for a deeper functioning" . . . She had become an area of sensation, of song. Here was a new technique of apprehension, too: The sky, the country roads were no longer surfaces; they were enfolding contacts" . . . "She caught the secret music of the house, had a starrier view of it."

This curious language may have, must surely have, a quite definite meaning for Miss Zona Gale, but for the rest of us it is only a new technique of starrier apprehensions. It is when faced with some situation or feeling which seems to her of the greatest importance, which she deeply wants us to understand, that Miss Gale sinks to this queer shorthand. When her intention and her anxiety does not weigh so heavily upon her material she is at her best. Her best is by all odds Grandfather Crumb.

The Crumb family is a cemetery of dead sentiments and a breeding place of subtle, polite irritations. Mrs. Crumb's welcomes are usually "blemished by indignation." The prevailing mood is one of restrained jangling, disguised by a surface sweetness. Of the sisters, Pearl has an "over-ripe sweetness," she is "lovely, listless, a too mellow fruit", and Tweet's solicitude for others is always faintly poisoned by a sort of meddlesome envy. Grandfather alone is outside the circle. "He is eating at the end of the table, and lifts his head and looks about at everybody, but nobody looks at him." Only once in a while, he has thrown at him a "Don't forget your dried corn, grandfather."

The portrait of Grandfather Crumb is all the clearer for being scattered through the book. He has brief entrances and exits, and speaks a line or two while he is in the room. At the risk of blurring the picture let us try putting together some of the little touches that give grandfather his life. "Grandfather Crumb was polishing a quarter on his knee. His gray hair curled about his neck, his splendid nose stooped to his task. He spoke out in his loud voice, without looking up. . . . He rose with difficulty and precision, balanced, walked. . . . He leaned in the doorway, fumbling in his pocket. He was clean, collarless, shaven. He came down the table and laid by Leda's plate an apple. He went to the kitchen. . . . 'He never eats breakfast,' Mrs. Truman Crumb explained before the door closed. 'He keeps apples in his room.' . . On Christmas Eve there came from down the passage a rough thin singing: 'Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht.' It was interrupted by Mama's cry of 'Mercy on us. Grandfather'll take his death.' . . . Leda heard the trunk room door close on Grandfather Crumb and his carol. . . . He said: 'I'm going to take the little chap for a walk,' spoke importantly, with drawn brows, and seemed in haste. He fumbled in his pockets. He was making a place for himself among them; all the life left in him was trying to have it understood that he could function, plan, carry out like anybody. 'You're going to do nothing of the sort,' said Mama shrilly. 'It's too cold.' Grandfather Crumb's look revealed him without defences, without authority, old. It was only once in a while that he remembered to rebel. 'It was meant right,' he mumbled, and withdrew. . . He came tiptoeing up the passage. About his shoulders he had dragged an old army blanket. His terrible feet were bare. . . . 'Why don't the danged train come?' demanded grandfather robustly. He stood peering up the track under his lean bare hand. His gaunt body was cased in an overcoat of buffalo, perhaps the only one remaining in Prospect. . . . Leda was following Grandfather Crumb down the red bricks. . . . 'It's a hell of an old depot,' said Grandfather Crumb, with wet eyes. 'If they repair it they'll never build a new one,' Leda returned the trite Prospect phrase. . . ."

But quotation can give only a feeble notion of Grandfather Crumb's enduring solidity.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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The World Crisis

The World Crisis, by Winston S. Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, 1911 to 1915. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.50.

AMONG the host of apologies, memoirs and documents inédits which of late years have flowed unceasingly from the pens of the Great War's leading participants, this initial contribution of Mr. Churchill merits special attention, for at least three reasons. In the first place, it possesses real literary distinction and commands an encore of the praise bestowed upon the author when his filial biography of Lord Randolph Churchill was published.

Secondly, its subject-matter is important. True, the work is an apologia sua, a mass of special pleading, a defence against very prevalent charges that the British navy was not ready for war and that during the first year of the war the navy was badly managed. But when the First Lord of the Admiralty defends himself against these charges, he must treat of Anglo-French and Anglo-German relations just prior to 1914, of "preparedness" in England, of Mr. Asquith's cabinet, of the outbreak of war, and of such military and naval events as the stoppage of German sea-trade and seizure of German colonies, the chase of the Goeben, the battles of Coronel, the Falkland Islands and Heligoland Bight, and the dubious defence of Antwerp. All these matters Mr. Churchill discusses with first-hand knowledge and engaging frankness. His narrative is buttressed in many places by documentary proof and illuminated by brilliant commentaries on Lord Fisher, Admiral Jellicoe, Field Marshal French, Kitchener, Asquith and Grey. The close student of international politics or of military history cannot afford to ignore its details. Only the last and most fateful of the major official actions of Mr. Churchill's régime at the Admiralty—the ill-starred naval attack on the Dardanelles—is reserved for another volume of his war-story.

However much we may question the author's specific interpretations and explanations or discount his self-evaluation, there can be no doubt that he was an exceedingly important and influential Englishman in the crises of 1914-1915; and the final and chief value of his present book lies in its amazing revelation of the mind of Winston Spencer Churchill.

We now know from his own words that it was the Agadir crisis in the summer of 1911 which transformed him from an enthusiastic social reformer into an even more enthusiastic militarist. He was then Home Secretary, but on the evening of July 27th he attended a garden party at 10 Downing Street and learned from a fellow guest, the Chief Commissioner of Police, that "all the reserves of cordite" had been protected for many years "without misadventure by a few constables." He asked what would happen if twenty Germans should arrive well armed some dark night and was shocked to hear that they would be able to do what they liked. "I quitted the garden party," he significantly adds.

From garden parties and the social millennium Mr. Churchill dashed into the thick of war-maps and German spies.

> I was told [he says] about German spies and agents in the various British ports. . . . For seven years I was to think of little else. Liberal politics, the People's Budget, Free Trade, Peace, Retrenchment and Reform —all the war cries of our election struggles began to seem unreal in the presence of this new pre-occupation. . . . I now began to make an intensive study of the military position in Europe. I read everything with which I was supplied. I spent many hours in argument and discussion.

The Home Secretariat was not suited to these new ardors, and in the following October the obliging Mr. Asquith, perhaps a bit wearied by the "many hours" of "argument and discussion," made him First Lord of the Admiralty. It was a great day for Churchill.

> I thought of the peril of Britain, peace-loving, unthinking, little prepared, of her power and virtue, and of her mission of good sense and fair play. I thought of mighty Germany, towering up in her imperial state and delving down in her profound, cold, patient, ruthless calculations.

And that night when he went to bed he found a large Bible lying on the table in his bedroom; he opened it for a portent, and his eyes fell upon the reassuring words: "Not for thy righteousness or for the uprightness of thine heart, dost thou go to possess their land; but for the wickedness of these nations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee, and that he may perform the word which the Lord sware unto thy fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob."

Thereafter our hero was not only "the ruler of the Queen's navee" but the special Divine agent for preparing the chosen people of Britain against the iniquitous children of Anak. He covered the walls of the Admiralty with maps and charts "in order to inculcate in myself and those working with me a sense of ever-present danger. In this spirit we all worked." He would say suddenly and unexpectedly to his associates "What happens if war with Germany begins today?" He called for larger ships and stronger guns, and got them. He introduced oil-burners in the British navy and put through the Anglo-Persian oil agreement. He wrote memoranda on the coming war. He drew along in his wake the imperialistic section of the cabinet, especially Asquith and Grey. Lloyd George, whose duty it was, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, to be the First Lord's "severest critic" was also, we gather, his "best pal."

The weaker brethren in the Liberal cabinet were induced to support the prodigious increase of naval expenditure in 1913-1914, because Churchill threatened to resign and fight on an ultra-patriotic platform at the very time when the Irish imbroglio had seriously weakened the Liberals in Parliament and in the country. Apparently the enfant terrible of the Asquith government was crossed only once from 1911 to 1914, and that was when, in May 1914, he proposed to visit Germany and talk with Tirpitz and the Kaiser; he naïvely admits that "Sir Edward Grey was apprehensive that more harm than good might result."

Speaking of the situation in Germany and Russia in that sorry last week of July 1914, Mr. Churchill incisively declares that "the sinister machines of war began to develop their own momentum and even to take control themselves." He might have added that what was true of Russia and Germany was true likewise of England. For if his central claim is conceded it was the First Lord of the Admiralty, with a wonderful naval machine behind him and with an exuberant Germanophobia in his brain, who pushed civilian England into war. He had to make

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sure, he says, that the diplomatic situation did not get ahead of the naval situation. He issued secret instructions to the British fleets on July 27th; on the 31st he secured secret assurances, through Lord Birkenhead, of the cooperation of the Conservative party leaders; and the next day, when Germany declared war on Russia, the British Navy Lord hastened to 10 Downing Street "by the garden gate" and informed Asquith and Grey that he "intended instantly to mobilize the Fleet notwithstanding the Cabinet decision. . . . I went back to the Admiralty and gave forthwith the order to mobilize. We had no legal authority."

The English cabinet, temporarily at least, failed to function in the world crisis. "No decision had been taken," testifies Churchill, "to send an ultimatum to Germany or to declare war upon Germany, still less to send an army to France. These supreme decisions were never taken at any Cabinet. They were compelled by the force of events, and rest on the authority of the Prime Minister." Mr. Asquith was nominally a dictator; the real dictators were Mr. Churchill and the Navy.

Mr. Churchill championed acts in 1914-1915, which, if they had emanated from Teutons, would have savored of ruthlessness. Before Belgium was invaded and before England had declared war, he instructed the British fleet in the Mediterranean to attack the German warship Goeben if the latter assailed French transports. After the declaration of war he urged the Cabinet to sanction the violation of Italian neutrality so that his ships might destroy the Goeben. Subsequently he advocated high-handed measures in order to force Holland to open the Scheldt.

Many are the controversies which will rage about Mr. Churchill's disclosures and confessions. Some authorities will think he is right, and others that he is wrong, in what he did at Antwerp or on the eve of the naval engagement off the Chilean coast or in connection with defences against submarines or air raids. But to the present reviewer one fact about this important book transcends all others: it bespeaks the mind of a militarist, and militarists are as dangerous now as they were from 1911 to 1914.

CARLTON J. H. HAYES.

New Novels

Round the Corner by Gilbert Cannan. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.00.

FROM Mr. Cannan's preface I learn that this novel, first published in England ten or eleven years ago, is the second in his "long cycle of industrial novels," the other being Little Brother, Three Sons and a Mother, The Stucco House, Time and Eternity, and Annette and Bennett, which last he finished "in the spring of 1922 in Switzerland, high up in the mountains." My guess would be, with Round the Corner as the only cistern I have to draw inferences from, that Mr. Cannan is still conscientious, industrious, not incompetent, rather conventionally unconventional. My guess would be that he has read and assimilated Samuel Butler, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Bennett, or other dissolvents of romanticism, of hard-and-fast moral codes, of sentimentality. Round the Corner's ideal reader will be somebody who hasn't yet drunk of these fountains of subversion. Yet some things in the book would be what they are no matter what Mr. Cannan had read. His liking for kindness and country life, for example, and his conviction that the life lived by wage-earners in an industrial Lancashire city is unendurable and must be bettered. In a "little preface" reprinted from the first English edition of this novel he wrote: "Being of such a strange temper and vision that when I aim my pen at a man I am as likely as not to hit his grandfather . . . ." These words carry me up to the source of the faint irritation to which Mr. Cannan moves me. Neither in vision nor in temper is he at all strange. On the contrary. But Round the Corner, as he reminds us, "is a young book." Here's hoping he has grown stranger in the past ten years.

Challenge, by V. Sackville-West. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

STOP, look, listen to Miss Sackville-West's prose, which is worth it. Julian Davenant, her young hero, is landing on the island of Aphros, where the natives, of mixed Greek and Italian blood, have come together by the shore, eager to learn whether he will lead them in revolt against Herakleion, a modern independent city-state seven or eight miles off on the Greek seaboard. A woman's voice breaks the silence of the crowd by ringing out the word Liberator. And then: "Clear, sudden, and resonant, the cry vibrated and hung upon echo, so that the mind followed it, when it was no more heard, round the island coast, where it ran up into the rocky creeks, and entered upon the breeze into the huts of goat-herds on the hill." Is it good? It is no end good, and Miss Sackville-West shows us picture after picture in these sentences of hers, each with a shape and a cadence of its own. From the mainland she shows us Aphros and the smaller islands "set in the white flashes of their foam," she takes us there in a small boat and then on into the hilly interior. Colors of hill and vineyard, of flowers and native costumes, absurd garish rooms in Herakleion houses, these things she shows us while giving us a firm grasp of topography, while keeping always before our eyes the light and the motion of Greek seas. Her story, unfortunately, whether you take it as mere adventure or as revelation of human nature turned inside out by crisis, is miles below her pictures. Her young heroine—"spoiled, exquisite, mettlesome, elusive, tantalising"—is the novel-reader's very old friend. Her hero would be quite as novel-worn, I suspect, if he were not so vague. But there isn't any doubt that Miss Sackville-West can write excellent English.

Jessup, by Newton Fuessle. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.00.

THE heroine's mother died soon after giving birth to her in a St. Louis brothel. Her father isn't known or suspected. More than once while reading her story I feared the worst, viz., that Jessup would by accident or a series of accidents discover her father. She never does. She meets him, to be sure, but neither of the two comes near guessing their relation, although Jessup feels something she doesn't identify as the voice of blood. My gratitude to Mr. Fuessle for this his abstinence is explicable by reference to a useful aesthetic law: The coincidence that we dread and escape reconciles us to the lesser coincidence that we don't escape and hadn't dreaded. Another law of

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aesthetics: The danger of heredity is that it may unload upon the novelist data he doesn't need. So here. Had Jessup's parents been X and Y, instead of a prostitute and a portrait painter, I should have found her story just as credible. I should have been just as ready to believe (a) in her success as a designer of theatrical costumes and (b) in her fear that loss of her virtue might prove a total loss. Nor is her otiose father worth knowing on his own account: "In appearance he was distinguished: his figure was tall and spare and he carried himself with a dignity closely related to disdain. His face was tanned and his straight nose and long slender cheeks bore the severe stamp of good breeding. In dress he was precise. There was a constrained elasticity about his movements, and he seemed surrounded by an invisible atmosphere of coolness, distance, and authority. He looked forbidding and remote. There was none of the flair of the Latin Quarter about him." Yes, Mr. Fuessle does write like that, but his book is better than the shopworn words he mostly uses. In Jessup's final interview with Ivan Banning she carries herself with a dignity which, though it may be closely related to disdain, is more closely related to good sense.

Restoration, by Ethel Sidgwick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $2.50.

MANY greater novelists must envy Miss Sidgwick the art with which she conceals the fact that she is inventing her characters, seems rather to be discovering merely, so well do all of them except the children keep up the appearance of having existed on their own before she happened to make their acquaintance. Having dropped us into an English country house, where we are strangers, nobody knows better than Miss Sidgwick how to put us wise to its inmates, its guests, its neighbors, and to the lie of the social land round about. Mistakes we make while getting the hang of things, much as we might if the country house were real, mistakes which it amuses us to recognize and to correct. This time it is a post-war house, a neighborhood where old fortunes have died and new fortunes grown up, where old estates have changed hands, where the war has given just a touch of newness to the young people's manner and way of looking at this world. We hear of young men who died in the war, the teller of the story lost his right hand in the war, the war has given Miss Sidgwick's hero about as much restlessness as her heroine likes. Agreeably stimulating is our uncertainty whether this hero has set his heart on the right woman, lively our hope that he will, solid our satisfaction when sure that he has. In fact Restoration is everywhere agreeable and lively. On every page Miss Sidgwick lets fly little arrows of observation, each of which hits its mark deftly, each of which penetrates as deep as the archer meant it to, say half an inch or less. Perhaps there is a little monotony in the brisk succession of neat short clauses, but there is none in the author's method of seeing and painting, where we can distinguish friendliness, satire, tolerance, mockery; several shades of each. I can't deny that she has admitted three or four hearts of gold among her dramatis personae —Copeland, his sister, Achurch, Ellen Ware—but except in Achurch's case I somehow don't mind the anachronism. To no taste of mine is this alert, civilized, neat, acute book, in which lovers of Miss Jane Austen will hear of something to their advantage, the worse for being wound round a core of old-fashioned love story.

The Fascinating Stranger and Other Stories, by Booth Tarkington. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. $2.00.

BY making each of these thirteen stories very thin Mr. Tarkington keeps it rather short. By telling each of them very slowly he makes it rather long. Seldom, as Mr. Charles Whibley said of Thackeray, does he use a sentence when a page will do as well. Here we Americans look pretty much as millions of us like to imagine ourselves. In this small-town world which we inhabit our lives can't go so far astray that a little good will and management and common sense won't set them straight. Both journeys and stayings-at-home end in lovers' meetings. Shrewd and humorous young men are easily embarrassed when in love, and blush rather freely. Children, except in the story called The Only Child, are not the nuisances such children would be in a less flattered world. Mr. Tarkington knows how to take this world, which is any good magazine-reader's world, and to leave his own mark on it. He accomplishes this by noticing things—the angle at which we tilt our office chairs—the geographical regions in which we say "stop by"—our gregariousness, our neighborliness, our humor and near-humor, our exaggerations and our understatements. His mark is the mark of a kindly humorist, who would regard a determination not to flatter us as one of the forms of taking himself too seriously. Besides, there are kinds of flattery he doesn't go in for. He never encourages, for example, our worship of success. And two or three times in these stories we meet, unexpectedly, Mr. Tarkington's other pair of eyes, no less friendly, no keener, more sophisticated, almost sceptical, a little tired, and can't help wondering, what this pair would have noticed if their owner had chosen to keep them open. Now and then we come across a phrase so concise and so happy that we wonder how its maker can be content to waste elsewhere, which is almost everywhere, such a lot of space. J. K. SINGLETON.

The Pathology of Poe

Edgar A. Poe: A Psychopathic Study, by John W. Robertson, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

IN the early days of American literature, criticism was criticism. During the pistol-toting forties, a literary man expressed his opinion of another literary man without the flavorless urbanity which emasculates the modern article. Those were the red-blooded days of the Broadway Journal and the Evening Mirror when gentlemen called each other plagiarist and calumniator and haled each other into court in frequent libel actions, and when Edgar Allan Poe could write, "Mr. Bryant is not *all* fool. Mr. Willis is not *quite* an ass. Mr. Longfellow *will* steal, but perhaps he cannot help it, and it must not be denied that nil tetegit quod non ornavit."

But when Poe's obituary appeared in the New York Tribune containing the remark that his death might startle many but "that few would be grieved by it," this seemed to be going further than even the customary bad manners of the times permitted. A multitude of champions sprang to Poe's defence, and the Reverend Mr. Griswold who had written the obituary felt obliged to justify his remark in the full length Memoir which he published later. He was not a man to be forced from the moralistic ground that he had taken, that Poe's career was "full of instruction

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and warning" and that it was "a portion of the penalty of wrong that its anatomy should be displayed for the common study and advantage."

The controversy thus initiated still retains a lingering vitality which enables it to break forth afresh from time to time. The announcement of a psychopathic study of Edgar A. Poe seemed to promise a welcome break in the emotional series. But as a psychopathic study, Dr. Robertson's book is disappointing. It is mildly illuminating, but to know that Poe's drinking took the form of dipsomania rather than inebriety sheds no great flood of light. The study adds but little to Poe's own diagnosis of himself: "I am constitutionally sensitive-nervous in a very unusual degree. I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity. During these fits of absolute unconsciousness I drank—God only knows how often or how much. As a matter of course, my enemies referred the insanity to the drink, rather than the drink to the insanity."

In any study of a neurotic personality, we have come to expect a more critical and sophisticated analysis of the subject's personal relationships than we find in this biography. It is a fact that Poe quarreled with all his friends and that he died unfriended. But it does not explain his case to attribute his lack of amiability to drink, for his antagonisms were as much a part of his disease as was the drink itself. The author devotes many pages to the undeniable perfidy of Poe's arch-enemy and literary executor, the Reverend Mr. Griswold. In all this he merely overproves his case. What one wants to know is why Poe, who had waged a bitter feud with Griswold for years, should have chosen him for his literary executor. The author evades this problem by simply denying that Poe did it, by which he proves himself a loyal friend if not a scientific student of character. The evidence shows that Poe did name Griswold, as Woodberry said he did, and the complex motivation of such a self-destructive act would be interesting to unravel.

Like all of Poe's biographers, Dr. Robertson makes much of the poet's chivalrous attitude toward women. In the early history of the controversy many ladies came forward to testify to the profound reverence with which Poe invariably approached their sex. This seems to have been entirely true. Poe was a confirmed philanderer, involving himself in numerous affairs of the kind which are conducted exclusively in public. Various reminiscences refer to his habits in this regard. One preserves an indoor scene with Poe seated in the fire-side circle and holding "Annie's" hand—"curiously illustrative," says Mr. Woodberry, "of the speed with which he established a habit of intimacy with married women." Apparently he preferred them married, for the same reason that he conducted his flirtations in public: there was a certain safety in the circumstances. Then there is the other much quoted description of Poe, with ceremonious fervor, kissing Mrs. Whitman in a room full of people. It was a part of the same characteristic that he was not able to keep sufficiently private the love letters which accrued from his Platonic attachments. All this open posturing gave rise to much scandal and led indirectly to an absurd legend after Poe's death that he had added blackmail to his other infamies.

The one real confidential relationship of his life was apparently with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm, to whom Mr. Robertson devotes many pages of appreciation. They were an oddly assorted pair, Poe in his unchanging black and Mrs. Clemm in her perpetual widow's weeds. Mrs. Clemm is described as a strong elderly woman, with a stalwart masculine appearance and a self-sacrificing maternal spirit. She was Poe's aunt who became his mother-in-law and whom he always called Mother. In writing to Mrs. Clemm, Poe called his wife Sis or Sissie. This odd little family custom is not mentioned by Dr. Robertson. After his wife's death, Poe scarcely saw any one except Mrs. Clemm. They clung to each other with a morbid attachment which, although piteous and incurable, does not deserve to be depicted as a perfect idyll of mother love. "She continued his ministering angel—living with him, caring for him, guarding him against exposure, and, when he was carried away by temptation . . . and awoke from his self-abandonment prostrated in destitution and suffering, *begging* for him still." Well, Poe also begged for Mrs. Clemm. Advised by the practical Mrs. Shew to find a well-to-do wife, he applied himself to the task with pathetic assiduity. Handicapped as he was by his relations with Mrs. Clemm, he was nevertheless charming and famous enough to find, within a short space of time, at least two wealthy women who were willing to accept him, mother-in-law and all.

But by this time his malady had progressed so far that he was incapable of carrying out any act so decisive as marriage. He was obsessed by fantasies of his own death and that of Mrs. Clemm. On his last journey to Richmond, he wrote to her, "The very instant you get this come to me. The joy of seeing you will almost compensate for all our sorrows. We can but die together." At the same time, he was suffering from hallucinations, one of which he described to Mr. John Sartain. "So at last as a means to torture me, they brought out my mother, Mrs. Clemm, to blast my sight by seeing them. first saw off her feet to the ankles, then her legs to the knees, her thighs at the hips." Dr. Robertson suggests that Poe may have had a homicidal mania at the end and that Mrs. Clemm's life may have been in danger from him.

It is one of the characteristics of the neurotic temperament that it becomes the focus of warfare in the family and among friends. Factions rise up around such a one and fierce alignments proceed from him as the source. From earliest childhood, Poe was the centre of this sort of thing. His foster-parents, the Allans, were estranged because of him, and throughout his life and beyond his death he continued to be able to set people by the ears. To this wizard-like influence of his, Dr. Robertson has succumbed. Instead of giving us a scientific interpretation of Poe, he has only reopened and reargued the case for the defendant. The Poe myth remains to tease us in much the same terms as before. The psychiatrist who could disentangle the elements of sterility and fertility in his nature would make such a transcendent contribution to the understanding of human nature that it seems ungrateful to reproach Dr. Robertson for having failed in so hard a task.

KATHARINE ANTHONY.

The Development of American Prisons and Prison Customs, 1776-1845, with special reference to Early Institutions in the State of New York, by O. F. Lewis. New York: Prison Association of New York.

THIS is a very important contribution to American social history. Dr. Lewis has performed much the same service for the history of penology in the United States which has been rendered for English prisons by the Webbs in their English Prisons Under Local Govern-

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Contributors

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